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HIDDEN TREASURES.

BY M. F. P.

Deep in the bosom of Ocean are hiding
Jewels, whose lustre and worth are untold;
Unknown, unsought, in their calm depths abiding,
They rest while the salt waves their beauties enfold.

The blue sea above them all wildly is flowing,
No token exists of their dwelling below;
The sunset at eve and the broad noontide glowing
In vain light the spot where these hidden gems glow.

'Till haply some diver, for sea pearls seeking,
May meet with those gems shining secret and lone,
And soon the deep spell of solitude breaking,
Secures the rich treasures and make them his own.

And thus within many a bosom all lonely
Is hidden a deep mine of heart's wealth unknown,
Unsought by the one in whose power 'tis only
To bring those bright jewels to light one by one.

The pure gems of truth and of love still lie hidden,
With none to awaken the feelings' soft glow,
Until a chance word, or a glance, all unbidden,
Reveals the deep tide that is welling below.

Seek well for those graces, than bright jewels rarer,
That modestly shrink from the thought of display;
Flow'rets that bloom in the shade, all are fairer
Than those which court show in the broad glare of day.

AFTER LONG YEARS

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GLORY'S LOVERS," "AN ARCH IMPOSTOR," "HUSHED UP!" "A LOVER FROM OVER THE SEA," ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

THE Thraxton flower show was a great event, second only in importance to the annual visit of the great traveling circus, and everybody who could by any means attend it, made a point of doing so.

It was held in Lord Chester's grounds, and his lordship and the rest of the aristocracy put in an appearance and wandered in and out the tents, and about the grounds with that fixed smile which always indicates intense boredom.

There was a band—the Thraxton Volunteers—but it discoursed anything but sweet music, and was just a little too loud, even for the open air. However, Thraxton was very proud of it, and it was still more proud of itself, and so general satisfaction reigned around.

Although the Court Regna gardener did not compete, his exhibit was always far better than any of the others—even that of Lord Chester's—who, though a peer, was not nearly as rich as Miss Sartoris, and of much less importance than the mistress of the Court.

Early in the afternoon Claire and Mrs. Lexton drove up to the entrance, and Mrs. Lexton alighted. She had not wanted to come, seeing that Claire could not go into the show, but Claire had insisted, remarking that it was the only piece of dissipation that she would be able to offer her friend.

"I shall only just walk through, Claire," she said.

"You will do nothing of the kind," responded Claire. "You are to look at every flower—I know how fond you are of them—and not to hurry in the very least. I shall be quite happy in watching the people."

And she spoke the truth. She felt strangely happy that afternoon; and, wisely, did not attempt to seek the cause; though every now and then she remembered that Mr. Wayre was coming to dinner, and thought how pleasant it would be to hear him sing again.

The stately landau with its superb bays, and servants in mourning livery, went slowly up and down the road, and Claire leant back and watched the people making their way in little batches towards the entrance, with its flags and streamers fluttering gaily in the slight breeze.

She knew, and was known by all of them, and she bowed and smiled in response to their respectful greetings.

All Thraxton and Regna seemed to have taken a holiday that day, and Claire found herself laughing softly in harmony with a group of merry girls who went by, dropping a curtsey as they passed the grand carriage.

The landau turned after a little while, and as it reached the gate Lord Chester came out and raised his hat. He was a tall, thin man, of about sixty, with close cropped, white hair, and a military bearing.

He had been the colonel of a crack cavalry regiment, and was a distinguished looking man, and he was a bachelor, strange to say. Claire had met him now and again, at flower shows and similar functions, and Lord Chester had a great admiration and sympathy for the beautiful girl whom Lord Wharton had kept shut up for so many years.

He not only raised his hat, but ventured to offer his thin, white hand.

"I am so glad to see you out, Miss Sartoris," he said, in his clear, high-bred voice, and with a smile which many women had found too fascinating. "Are you not coming in? Ah, I am afraid not! Yes, yes! I am sorry."

"Is it a good show this year?" asked Claire.

He gave a little shrug of his square shoulders.

"About the same as usual, I think. Of course, the Court exhibit takes the lead, also as usual! Fortunately, it is not wet. I don't know why; but it generally is, as you know to your cost. I hope it does some good. I suppose it does." He smiled, showing his white, even teeth.

"I have often asked myself which exerts the most blighting influence on the temper—a flower show, or a local concert, and I have never been able to decide. I think the former, but then I am, for since, one of the Judges and suffer accordingly. This year I was going to propose that we should give a prize to everything; it would prevent so much jealousy and heart-burning; but the committee didn't see their way to it. Committees of all kinds are so stupid."

Claire laughed, and as he looked at her, he was almost guilty of murmuring audibly; "She is more lovely than ever!" "I hear you are making great alterations at the court?" he said aloud.

"Yes," said Claire, and half unconsciously the color mounted to her face.

He sighed, but smiled.

"How lucky you are, to be able to do it! The Hall is nearly tumbling about my ears, but I can't afford more than a new slate or two now and then." He was rather given to jesting at his poverty. "Some of these days you will hear that the roof has fallen in, and will have to send some of your people to dig me out of the ruins."

"I will come myself," said Claire, smiling down at him.

"Then, the sooner it falls in the better!" he retorted, gallantly. "By-the-way, I hear wonderful accounts of your architect. Quite a clever young fellow, a sort of genius, isn't he?"

"Yes, he is very clever, I think," said Claire. The color had gone again, and her face was of its ordinary whiteness.

"Strange for a man of these parts. We don't generally breed geniuses."

"Mr. Wayre does not belong here," she said.

"No? I thought I knew the name?" He wrinkled his brow as if he were trying to remember. "I seem to have heard it before, somewhere. Then you discovered him? That was very clever of you!" The horses began to fidget. "But I am keeping you. May I call someday—soon, Miss Sartoris?"

Claire murmured her permission, and the carriage moved away.

Lord Chester stroked his iron-gray moustache thoughtfully, as he made his way back to the tent.

"Yes, she is the most beautiful girl I ever saw; and she is charming, especially when she looks straight at one with those violet eyes, and smiles," he said to himself. Then he sighed. "I wish I were twenty years younger!" he added wistfully.

As the carriage reached the end of the road and was about to turn back again, Mr. Mordaunt Sapley came along in the direction of the show.

He was very nicely dressed in a suit exactly appropriate to the occasion, and wore a specimen begonia in the button hole of his light gray frockcoat.

He flushed a little as he raised his hat to Claire, and flushed still more when she returned the greeting with a smile. He could scarcely know that the smile was merely mechanical, and that she barely noticed him.

He entered the tent, and mixed with the crowd, nodding condescendingly to the commoner people, and smirking with an affectation of familiarity with those of the county families, who vouchsafed him a nod or a couple of fingers.

Presently he left the tent, and as he did so he saw a slim, girlish figure standing near a shrubbery. It was Lucy Hawker. Mr. Mordaunt frowned, and bit his lip, and, after a cautious glance round him, strolled in her direction, and followed her into the shrubbery.

She walked very slowly, so that he could overtake her, and turned to him with a smile on her pretty, soft face, which many of the Regna young men would have gone through fire and water to obtain, but which roused Mr. Sapley's resentment.

"So, here you are," he said, trying to speak pleasantly.

"Yes," she said, in a low voice, her eyes fixed on him with loving pride. "I thought I should see you, Mordaunt. I have been keeping about here out of the way, thinking you would come in search of me. I hope you haven't been looking for me long, and waiting?"

"Oh, no," he said, biting his moustache. "The fact is, I don't think it is very wise of us to be seen together. People are so quick to notice, and quicker to talk."

She looked at him swiftly and timidly.

"They have seen us together before now," she said. "Surely there could be no harm in your speaking to me, Mordaunt, seeing that we have known each other ever since we were children."

"Ah, yes; children," he said, still keeping a sharp look-out. "But we aren't children any longer!"

"Sometimes I wish we were," she murmured, sadly.

"Eh, what! You've got into a bad habit of muttering to yourself, Lucy. I should break myself of it, if I were you."

She glanced at him again, and her lips quivered.

"I am as I have always been, Mordaunt," she said, softly. "You did not find fault——"

"Oh, well, don't let's quarrel for the few minutes we are together!" he said, pettishly; "and they'll have to be precious few minutes, for some of the people are coming out of the tent, and will be walking down here. And though you don't seem to mind, I do. I have to think of you, you see," he added, with noble disinterestedness.

"Forgive me, Mordaunt, dear!" she whispered.

"There's nothing to forgive. You are just a little careless, that's all, Lucy," he said. "By George! here are some coming now—good-bye."

"Good-bye," she murmured, hastily.

She looked wistfully up into his face, and then at the begonia in his coat.

"What a beautiful flower, Mordaunt!"

"Yes, isn't it?" he said. "Take a prize; if I'd shown it—but we swells can't go in for the prizes."

Her face fell; perhaps she had thought that he would give it to her.

"You will come down to the old place to-night, Mordaunt?"

"Yes, yes!" he assented, hastily. "You walk on now, or they'll see us. Good-bye," and he turned and walked away from her with a scowl of sullen impatience on his face, which changed to a smirk as he met the group approaching him.

A quarter of an hour afterwards as the Court carriage was standing a little way from the entrance, Lucy saw him go up to it, and, naturally enough, she drew up behind the bank of laurels near which she stood and watched him—for to poor Lucy there was no sight on earth so precious as that of this elegant "Oxford gentleman" who had won her heart.

Claire, who had been studying the catalogue, looked up as he approached.

He raised his hat with the respectful air which he had assumed of late, and said—

"Quite a large attendance to-day, Miss Sartoris. I am told that it breaks the record."

"I am very glad," said Claire. "I shall hear a full account of it from my friend, Mrs. Lexton."

"I am so sorry you cannot go in," he said, and he smiled rather nervously. "There are some very good flowers." As he spoke, he looked down at the begonia which he now held in his hand. "Yes. This—er—is rather, fine, isn't it?"

Claire glanced at the flower and assented.

"Perhaps you will—er—accept it, Miss Sartoris?" he said. "It will be a kindness—to the flower; I shall be sure to lose it before I get home. Please do!"

Claire attached no significance to the offer. She rarely went into the village without some of the women or children presenting her with a flower or a shell; and she was averse to wounding anyone's feelings—even Mr. Mordaunt Sapley's.

"Oh, thanks," she said, and she took the flower. "It is a very fine one indeed. Are you going back to the tent? If so, will you please tell Mrs. Lexton on no account to hurry. I am quite happy."

With his eyes on the flower in her hand, he murmured an assent, and prudently took himself off.

Lucy had seen the whole of the little incident quite distinctly; and as she hurried away a shadow of disappointment—too slight to be that of suspicion—crossed her face, and she sighed deeply. He had given to Miss Sartoris the flower he had refused to her—Lucy—who would have given him everything!

It touched her to the heart, but her jealousy would not have awakened if she had

not met Mordaunt Bapley a few minutes afterwards.

He was walking along, with his head more erect than usual, and a smile of satisfaction on his weakly vicious face; and he started as she came upon him from a sidewalk.

"Hallo, Lucy! not gone yet?" he said, with a certain embarrassement, which she was quick to divine.

"No," she said, "but I'm going now."

"So, am I. Quite tired of it. Beastly bore this kind of thing."

"You looked happy enough just now, Mordaunt," she said. "What have you done with the flower?"

He glanced at her sideways, and then at his button-hole, with an assumption of surprise.

"My flower? Ah, yes; it's gone—I must have dropped it. Wish I'd given it to you to take care of."

Her face flushed as she shrank with a woman's horror of a falsehood on the lips of her lover.

"Yes, it is a pity," he said, lightly. "Never mind, I'll bring you one from the garden to-night."

She did not think him, and hung her head, with a strange look in her face, which would have surprised him if he had not been too wrapped up in his self-satisfaction to notice it; and they parted at the end of the walk with only a faint "Good-bye" on her side.

That evening Claire, for the first time in her life, was in doubt as to what she should wear for dinner. But her hesitation did not last. With woman's true instinct, she felt that if she did not wear an evening dress, as usual, Gerald Wayre would think that she attached importance to his lack of a dress suit, and she chose a handsome frock of soft black silk, and still softer lace, and wore a diamond bracelet and pendant, as well as the spray he had recovered for her.

Perhaps, too, she was half conscious of the desire to appear at her best in his eyes; and again, for the first time in her life, she felt a subtle kind of satisfaction in her attire as she went downstairs to the drawing-room.

Gerald was announced a few minutes after she had gone down; and, as she glanced at him, she thought that the plain serge suit gave him as distinguished an appearance as the regulation attire could have done. As for him, as he took her hand, he had hard work to keep his admiration from declaring itself through his eyes.

But though her beauty made his heart throb, it filled him with a despairing sadness. The almost priceless gems served to remind him of the hopelessness of his passion. He stifled a sigh, then, with a great effort, regained his usual alert brightness.

The butler announced dinner almost immediately. It was a most enjoyable meal, Mrs. Lexton was full of the flower-show, and Claire led her on to give a graphic account of it. Gerald, as he ate his dinner and listened to the two women, glanced now and again round the magnificent room.

Strange to say, he did not feel out of place; rather, it seemed to him as if he had been used to all this stately refinement. He did not feel at all uncomfortable in his serge suit, and the butler, who was a severe critic of men and manners, noticed the absence of any embarrassment on Gerald's part, and remarked sententiously in the servants' hall, that Mr. Wayre "was a perfect gentleman."

Gerald listened at first, but presently he began to talk, and Claire, to say nothing of Mrs. Lexton found themselves completely entertained. Gerald had seen a large slice of the world, and could tell of what he had seen with that graceful simplicity which is beyond art.

As he told them of scenes and incidents in his checkered career, Claire found herself listening with an almost breathless interest, and it was not until the butler, placing the famous Court Regna port upon the table, had coughed twice, that Claire said—

"Mr. Wayre, you will like to smoke. I'm afraid I can't offer you a cigar, or even a cigarette, Lord Wharton did not smoke."

Gerald said he had a cigarette. "But I am not supposed to stay long?" he said, as he opened the door for them.

"No, don't, please, Mr. Wayre," said Mrs. Lexton, who seemed to lose her nervousness and timidity in his society.

"How delightful he is," she said to Claire, as they sank into the luxurious drawing room chairs. "I feel as if I could never tire of listening to him. What I like so much in him is the absence of self-consciousness. So many young men just talk for effect. Now, Mr. Wayre told you the most extraordinary adventures—and one feels that they are true—and yet so simply, and without bringing his own share in them into prominence."

"Yes," said Claire, quietly. There was a faint color in her face, and her eyes were shining brightly, as if in rivalry with her diamonds.

Mrs. Lexton laughed rather disappointedly.

"I don't think you admire him quite as much as I do, dear," she said.

Claire appeared engrossed in turning over the music, and made no response; and she was still thus employed when Gerald came in.

He remembered that he was asked to sing, and glanced at the piano.

"Is it too soon after dinner, Mr. Wayre?" said Mrs. Lexton. "I hope not."

Gerald smiled. How often had he sung in the mining camp, the very moment the hasty meal had been devoured!

"I'm afraid you will be disappointed if you expect great things, Mrs. Lexton," he said. "I've just got the knack of the street singer, that's all." He went to the piano, where Claire still stood.

"Will you see if there is anything you know here?" she said.

He turned over the pile of music and shook his head.

"I'm afraid not."

"What shall we do?" asked Claire, with a smile.

"I'll try and play something," he said, modestly.

"Oh?" said Claire. "I did not know——"

"Oh, I only vamp," he said; and he struck up a rough and-ready accompaniment, then began to sing. He did his best—naturally enough, poor fellow—and his clear tenor voice rose and floated through the room. Mrs. Lexton glanced at Claire with a gesture of delighted surprise.

But Claire, standing beside the piano, made no sign, only when he had finished she said, very, very quietly—

"Will you sing again?"

"Will not you?" he asked.

"Presently," he replied, almost coldly, for she was fighting, with "sweet maiden ferocity" against the effect of his nearness, the deep musical voice which seemed to awaken a subtle echo in her heart.

He sang again, and still stronger grew the spell upon her. She stood very near him, listening to every note, her eyes downcast, her heart beating fast, so that the lace on her bosom rose and fell almost in unison with the liquid face.

"Now, will you sing something?" he asked, and he looked up at her with grave entreaty. She turned over the music absently.

"Here is a duet, 'Love's Quest,'" he said. "I think I know that. Will you sing it with me, Miss Sartoris?"

The "Miss Sartoris" came afterwards, as is he were reminding himself of the fact that he was "Mr. Wayre, the architect," and it recalled her to herself.

"Yes," she said, in a low voice, and they sang. She stood close at his elbow, he could feel her breath upon his hair, feel the soft, fleecy lace—soft and fleecy as it was—against his shoulder, and he sang like a man in a dream, scarcely knowing that he sang. And yet the words were so significant!

"He knew, where'er he went,
In hopeless dreams his love was spent;
For him no joy, for him no rest;
He toiled in vain on true love's quest!"

When he came to the last line, his voice faltered, then ceased. He still played the accompaniment, but glanced up at her.

From the clear pallor of her face the violet eyes shone like stars, and he met their gaze. The music died away; he was back in the cave again, with her hair across his lips, her hands upon her shoulders.

He glanced across the room, where Mrs. Lexton had been sitting, but she had moved into the conservatory, not out of hearing, but out of sight.

"Miss Sartoris!" he said, scarcely conscious that he was speaking. "Claire!"

She did not move, her eyes still dwelt upon him, and—— Was he mad, or did they shine with a sudden tenderness? The divine madness of love was upon him; he forgot the social gulf that divided them, forgot that he was a penniless adventurer, and she the mistress of Court Regna. He took the small, white hand near him, and grasped it firmly, and love's avowal was on his lips.

"Claire!" he said.

As he spoke, alas! Mrs. Lexton came back into the room.

"How well your voices harmonise!" she said. "Can you not find another duet?"

Gerald glanced at her vaguely.

"Miss Sartoris—Claire—I must speak to you to-morrow!" he said, almost hoarsely. "Do not be angry. Wait—try and forgive me—until to-morrow!"

Alas, and alas! To-morrow is a fatal day! If he had only spoken that night! Claire drew her hand away without a word, but her star-like eyes lingered upon his face, and their violet grew deeper.

He got up—the room seemed to be swimming round—and said a hasty good-night to Mrs. Lexton, who looked at him with pardonable surprise at his abruptness, and left the room. He caught up his hat from the hall table, and strode down the path through the lawns.

He had been mad, mad; and, yet—— The tenderness, the inexpressible glow that lay in those violet eyes still shone on him, and set his heart throbbing and leaping. Was there then any hope for him?

He had reached the turn of the path when a girlish figure came quickly, yet hesitatingly, upon him, with a cry of "Mordaunt?"

He did not hear the word, but saw that the figure was that of Lucy Hawker. In the electric condition of his mind, her sudden presence confused him.

"Miss Lucy!" he said.

Then, as she uttered a faint exclamation, and drew back, as if startled and disappointed, he said—

"We seem fated to meet by moonlight!"

She drew the thin shawl, which most of the Regna girls wore, about her face.

"It's you, Mr. Wayre!" she said, with a gasp of relief.

"I, my very self," he assented, scarcely knowing what he said. Then he added, for he saw that she was trembling, and that her face was haggard and drawn, as if with trouble—

"What is the matter?"

And as he spoke, the fates and his tenderness for all weak things, prompted him to lay his hand upon her shoulder, with the strong man's ready offer of sympathy and consolation.

The words, the touch, were too much for Lucy, and she bowed her head upon his arm in sudden collapse, and burst into tears.

And as they stood thus Claire stepped out on to the terrace, her heart beating fast, like a wild animal, in her bosom; and as she looked across the lawn these two figures, the man with his hand upon the girl's shoulder, the girl with her head upon his arm, stood out with startling distinctness.

She looked, and her heart seemed to cease beating, a mist rose before her eyes, a terrible cold, like that of ice, ran through her veins, which a moment ago had thrilled so warmly.

She uttered no cry, did not move, but her face grew whiter and still whiter, and her lips set like those of a marble statue.

CHAPTER XIII.

LUCY sobbed hysterically for a moment or two and Gerald, who knew enough about women to be aware that it was no use speaking to her until the little fit was over, waited patiently. His new born love for Claire filled his heart with tenderness toward all women, and he felt very sorry for Lucy.

Though he did not know what was the matter, he guessed that it was something connected with a love affair, and wondered how any young fellow could have had the heart to bring tears to the soft child-like eyes.

If he had even known that Claire was watching him from the terrace, he would have felt no uneasiness. All his heart was given to Claire, his whole being absorbed in her, and it would never have occurred to him that she would ever dream of being jealous of Lucy Hawker.

Which shows that no man has ever yet understood a woman. When Lucy's tears had subsided, she drew a little away from him, shamefacedly.

"Is anything the matter, Miss Lucy?" he asked.

"No, no, sir!" she said, with a little catch in her voice. She had had time to find an excuse for her hysterical outburst. "I was walking alone in the wood and I thought I heard someone behind me, then I saw you and ran up to you. I was a bit frightened; I hope you'll forgive me, Mr. Wayre?"

"There's nothing to forgive, Miss Lucy," he said. "I am very glad I chanced to be here. Didn't you call me by some name, though? I fancied——"

"No, sir," she said, hurriedly, averting her eyes.

"Ah, I thought I did," he said. "I was afraid you were in some trouble. This is a world of trouble, Miss Lucy; we all get our share.

"Yes, indeed, sir," she said, with a sigh.

"Just so. Now, if you are in any trouble and I can help you, I needn't say that I shall be very glad to do so. I don't want to force your confidence——"

"Oh, no, no, sir," she said. "You are always so very good and kind."

"In fact," he continued, "there is someone who has a right to know of any trouble you are in; and that's your father. I have seen a great deal of the world, Miss Lucy, and I've come to the conclusion that when anything is wrong with a girl—or, for the matter of that, a man—she or he can't do better than go to the father. I haven't one myself," he added, gravely.

"I have never had one that I remember—I wish I had!—but I'm quite sure that I'm right. If there's anything wrong, anything that worries you, no matter what it is, go to your father. I haven't any right to exact a promise, but, if I had, I would ask you to take my advice."

Gerald's influence over most women was a powerful one. With such a girl as Lucy Hawker, it was irresistible. She drew a long breath as if she were forming a resolution.

"You are very good to me, Mr. Wayre," she said. "I am in a—kind of trouble, and I will go to my father."

"That's right!" said Gerald, cheerfully, little guessing that he had touched the spring of a lever which would work him much woe. "You tell your father everything. Take my word for it, you haven't a better friend on earth."

"I know, I know!" she murmured. They walked together to the cottage. It was late, but there were one or two persons on the narrow road, and standing at their doors, and these gave them good-night, as they passed.

When Gerald had reached his room he lit a pipe and paced up and down, recalling every incident of his evening at the Court, and trying to realise what had happened. He had called Miss Sartoris, "Claire," had, with the language of the eyes, told her that he loved her.

To-morrow, he must go and tell her so plainly, by word of mouth. How would she receive his avowal; had he only fancied the tender look in her eyes, or was it really there? It seemed like madness to hope, and yet his heart beat wildly with hope. He knew that she was noble minded; it was just possible that she would consent to forget the difference between them, would sink her pride of wealth and station, and consent to be his wife.

All night he dreamt of her; in the morning he rose, had his bath, and after breakfast went down to the Court as usual. Lee met him at the half demolished wing.

"You haven't begun to pull down the other part yet," said Gerald.

"No, sir," said Lee. "I thought I would clear away some of the stuff first; there will be less mess."

"Quite right," said Gerald. He looked round the works, and then went across the terrace to the hall door and inquired for Miss Sartoris.

"Miss Sartoris is not in, sir," said the footman. "She started directly after breakfast for a ride to one of the distant farms, and she won't be back till the afternoon."

Gerald went away surprised and disappointed. His heart sank. What did it mean? She must have known that he would come early in the morning; had she gone away to avoid him? Yes; that must be it. He was a fool to hope!

He returned to the building, and after watching the men for a little while, went up to the room. He had cleared everything out of it excepting the portrait of the unknown lady. He took this up and looked at it mechanically, his thoughts with Claire.

The face seemed to smile at him more pathetically than ever that morning, as if it sympathised with his hopes and uncertainties. In a vague way, it seemed familiar to him. He dusted it carefully with his handkerchief, and, deciding to take it home for cleaning that night, looked round for some place of safety for it.

It occurred to him that it would be safer in its old place behind the panel than anywhere else, at any rate, until they demolished the room, and he replaced it there and fastened the panel over it; then he went about his work in a perfunctory way until the sun began to sink.

By that time he judged that Claire would have returned, and he went slowly up to the house. The footman said Miss Sartoris was in and would see him, and conducted him to the library. He waited

there about five minutes and then the door opened and Claire entered.

She was in her riding habit, and as he looked at her, he thought of the morning at the Chapel, of the sketch he had made of her, and which he looked at every night before he went to sleep.

She did not offer him her hand, but stood holding her whip, with her eyes downcast. There was no trace of embarrassment on her face, which was perfectly calm and almost impassive. To him it seemed that it looked almost like that of a Grecian statue, exquisite in its immobility.

His heart sank. If there had been a trace of bashful confusion in the lovely face he would have been encouraged; but he had come to tell her of his love and he would tell her, let the result be what it might.

"You have been for a long ride?" he said.

"Yes," she assented, and her voice was as impassive as her face, though the conventional words thrilled through her.

"I came up this morning in the hope of seeing you," he said. "I have something to say which I almost fear to put into words. To me they seem so wild, so preposterous that I scarcely dare hope that you will accept them seriously."

She did not speak or raise her eyes, but both hands closed more tightly on the whip.

"Miss Sartoris, I have told you just what I am; what the world calls an adventurer. I came here in the course of my wanderings, and Chance—Fate, I think—drew me to meet you. Fate might have decreed that after exchanging a few words with you, I should go on my way, but it willed otherwise. Since that night I saw you there in the woods we have met almost daily. From the very first hour of our meeting you have exerted an influence over me against which I fought at first, but against which I can fight no longer."

Still she did not speak, but her breath seemed to come faster for a moment or two.

"I have felt that strange influence all along. As I have said, I have struggled against it. I have told myself twenty times a day that you are as far above me as the stars, that you are mistress of this," he waved his hand slightly. "Rich, of an exalted station, and that I am—what you know. I set a guard upon myself and thought that I had learnt my lesson too thoroughly to forget the difference between us, but last night my heart broke its bonds and declared itself. I must have shown you that I loved you."

She raised her eyes for a second only to his face, there was no encouragement in them, but almost an expression of indignation, but Gerald was looking down and did not see the fleeting glance.

"When a man loves a woman as I love you, and has shown her by a look and a whispered word that he loves her, he owes it to her and to himself that he should speak out, let the result be what it may. If I could have kept my secret I would have done so. I ask you to believe that."

His voice was almost stern, and the hand that held the whip so tightly trembled a little.

"I know what the world would say if you were to accept my love. It would say that I had no right to lay it at your feet; that you were foolish to stoop and accept it. But, notwithstanding this knowledge, I have come to tell you, Miss Sartoris, that I love you."

A tremor passed over her face, and the violet eyes were hidden by the long, dark lashes.

"I love you with all my heart and soul. I have never loved any woman until I saw you."

She glanced at him swiftly, and her lips parted; but she set them again firmly.

"You are just all the world to me, and if you send me away, you send me to a life of wretchedness and misery. But I do not ask for your pity; I ask for your love."

His voice vibrated with passionate earnestness, and there was a ring of manly dignity in it which almost unnerved Claire. But the vision of his meeting with Lucy rose before her eyes and she steeled herself. Her face at that moment was like that of a craven cameo in its set whiteness.

"If you will give to me your love it will be to me as the breath of Heaven. I can say no more I would not have said this but—for last night! Miss Sartoris—Claire—will you forget your wealth and station and give yourself to me? Last night I thought—perhaps it was madness—that you looked at me as if I might dare to hope. I have cherished that look ever since! Tell me if I was indeed only mad, or if I may venture to hope?"

There was silence, broken only by the ticking of the clock on the marble mantelpiece.

"Will you not speak?" he said, almost breathlessly. "Answer me, 'Yes,' or 'No.' Be it what it may, I will accept it at once and without question. I know that I am so fortunate as to possess your love, you will say so. The difference in position between us will not count with you. I know that, for I have learned to know you. Speak to me, Claire! Your silence is terrible! I repeat, I love you! I love you! I know that if I can win your love I can make you happy! All my life shall be devoted to you! I——"

He stopped suddenly, and his strong hand gripped the end of the table vice-like. Her silence weighed on him, tortured him.

"Speak to me!" he said. "Do not be afraid. If it should be 'No,' I shall not whine or resent it. I have no right to do so. Who am I that I should dare to hope for so priceless a thing as your love? Whatever it may be, tell me my fate. See. I only ask for 'Yes,' or 'No.' Which is it, Claire?"

She raised her head and looked at him. It seemed to him, in his terrible moment of excitement, that there was something almost accusatory in the gaze of her eyes, now deeply violet. It might have been a look of accusation or of indignant pride.

He waited; his heart beating fast; then the words came:—

"It is 'No,'" she said.

He stood for an instant, as if scarcely realizing the import of the curt sentence. His head sank as he bit his lips, as if with an effort to control himself.

"No?" he said.

"No," echoed Claire, almost inaudibly. As she spoke the bent whip snapped, and she let the fragments drop from her hand.

"I understand," he said. "I was mad, then, after all. My love must have deceived me! What can I say to you, Claire—Miss Sartoris?"

To this question there was no reply. The silence seemed to weigh upon them both, the ticking of the clock became a torture. The room seemed to swim round with Gerald; her 'No' rang like a knell within the innermost shrine of his heart. Outside, the sun shone brightly, the sky was dyed a glowing red, but to him it seemed as if a darkness had suddenly fallen upon the room, through which shone the face of the woman he loved, like a star.

He stood with downcast eyes in silence for a moment, calling upon all his manliness to support him.

"It is 'No'?" he said. "You do not love me?"

She made no answer, but turned away from him, so that he could not see the anguish of her face and on her quivering lips.

He drew a long breath. "Well, I had no right to expect any other answer! It was sheer madness on my part, and I ought to ask your forgiveness. I do so."

She made no response, and, after looking at her he turned away and looked out of the window, as if he could not bear to glance upon the face which meant so much to him. The silence lasted for nearly a minute, then he said, huskily, as if he were trying to control his voice—

"You will find it hard to forgive me, no doubt, Miss Sartoris. My presumption must seem a heinous crime in your eyes. You will not care to see me, meet me again? I would leave here at once, to-night—but there is the building."

He thought for a moment, his face heavy with care.

"It is not necessary that we meet," he said at last. "I need not come near the house, and you can avoid the new building when I am there. All our business can be done through Mr. Sapley. When the work is completed I will leave Regua immediately—that very hour, if it be possible. I shall pass out of your life very soon, and there will be nothing to remind you of the—the annoyance I have caused you!"

She did not speak as she moved almost imperceptibly towards the door.

"One moment, before you go," he said. "I want to say, to tell you, that you are quite free from blame in this matter. It was sheer madness on my part; a madness in which you had no part. I suppose that last night my love for you deluded me into imagining all sorts of wild, improbable things."

Her hand went up to her bosom, and caught at the edge of her habit, but she did not speak.

"I only am to blame!" he said. "I was just the moth that loved a star and thought that because it shone, that it shone alone for me. By no word or look have you encouraged me in my madness. Do not let it weigh upon you. I am not worthy a thought. A nameless adventurer has crossed your path, and if he has dared to love you—why, that is only natural. He will go as he came, and there will be an end to him."

He forced a smile at these brave words. Claire half turned, and her lips parted as if she were about to speak, but he held up his hand.

"For God's sake don't say any common words of pity!" he said. "I know that I am not worthy of your love, but that does not make the loss any easier to bear. Let me go without a word, Miss Sartoris, either of pity or of censure. The man who is sentenced to death is not consoled by the speech of the judge."

Claire closed her lips and moved towards the door. He went and opened it for her, and as she passed out he touched the skirt of her habit with his lips. She did not feel the caress, did not meet the anguish in his eyes, and the door closed between them.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HE KNOWS HOW TO KEEP COOL.—Probably the most extraordinary method of keeping cool in summer time ever heard of is that adopted by the King of Siam.

This ingenious ruler escapes the sun's rays by depositing himself for hours at a time beneath the waters of a lake. There he sits at ease in a house of glass utterly unaffected by solar influence.

As it is for himself alone, the room is only twenty feet square by fifteen feet high. With the exception of the floor it is entirely of heavy plate glass closely fitted into steel frames.

The floor is of wood and steel, and directly under it is a second or false floor into which are placed weights of stone.

While the room is floating on the lake all these weights are removed, but when his Majesty desires a cooling, tons of them are rolled in and the room slowly and silently sinks until it rests upon the bottom.

It is then at a depth of about twenty feet, and matters are so arranged that an abundant supply of air is obtained from numerous tubes leading to the surface. By means of other tubes the king is enabled to hold conversation with those in the royal palace on shore, as well as to transact State business.

The furnishings of the submarine apartment are as lavish as those of the imperial palace. Every chair, table and divan is inlaid with gold, and heavily studded with precious stones. The ornaments, statues and minor furnishings are of ivory, and the back of the royal chair is emblazoned with a coronet of emeralds.

When His Majesty desires to return to the surface the weights are quickly rolled out upon a sunken raft by means of levers worked in an ante-room, and the room is drawn up by cables and hoisting apparatus worked from above. The raft and weights are afterwards raised by the same method. The whole affair is as simple as it is ingenious.

SIMPLE YET EFFICIENT.—Little do people think, when they see the brown porcelain cups on top of the telegraph poles, of the terribly difficult problem in electricity which they solved.

When telegraphy became an accomplished fact, the continual escape of electric "fluid" to the ground threatened to destroy the practical utility of the invention.

All the insulators tried (india rubber, silk, glass, etc.,) were very expensive and either too responsive to changes of climate or utterly useless in rainy weather; for, as is well-known, an outer coating of damp will conduct the electricity down along the surface of almost any insulating substance.

The brilliant discoverer of the porcelain cup (who had taken the wise precaution of patenting his invention) rapidly amassed a large fortune as soon as it was made known. Ridiculously simple and cheap, it was found to be almost perfect.

It was nearly indestructible, and the material remained unaffected by summer's heat or winter's cold. The great difficulty about the rain (hitherto considered an insurmountable one) was overcome most simply by wrapping the wires round a hollow cup placed upside down so that the inside, which alone communicated with the pole, and thus with the earth, should always remain dry.

So efficient is this contrivance, that forty years of electrical progress which have revolutionised every other kind of apparatus used in the science, have left this one absolutely unchanged.

Bric-a-Brac.

PICTURES.—A cow has been known to recognise the picture of a calf, and the tiger is said to be drawn to a trap by the picture of a companion. The timid horse, however, takes no notice of a picture, and the cat will not spring at a painted bird.

ANIMALS.—Lions and tigers differ from the majority of savage animals in that music has not the least effect upon them. But a naturalist who has been making a series of experiments at the Zoological Gardens in London, has discovered that they are greatly affected by the smell of lavender water, and that under its influence they become quite quiet and docile.

NEVER OUT OF SEASON.—By lighting his hot houses at night with electric lights of 5,000 candle-power, Dr. Wernervon Siemens ripens raspberries in seventy-five days, grapes in two months and a half, etc. The expression "in season" may soon lose its significance in this connection, since by the application of electricity, fruits, vegetables, etc., can be had at any time of the year. The fruits thus produced are remarkable for brilliant color and fine aroma, but are not as sweet as those ripened by the sun.

COURT FOOLS.—The earliest French professional fool on record seems to have been named Jean, at the Court of Charles the Simple. This fellow's influence was so great that Charles once remarked to him he thought they had better change places. As Jean did not look well pleased at the proposal, Charles asked him if he was not content at the idea of being a king. "Yes, content enough," was the reply, "but I should be exceedingly ashamed at having such a fool."

TITLES GALORE.—It appears that, of all the ruling sovereigns in Europe, the Emperor of Austria can boast the largest number of titles of nobility and territorial rank. Francis Joseph, besides his Imperial crown, is in nine different ways entitled to wear the regal tiara, twice qualified to be addressed as Grand Duke, once as Grand Prince, four times as Margrave, twice as Prince, and in a multitude of different rights as Count and Lord. On the whole, it would probably be no exaggeration to say that his titles of sovereignty and nobility amount in all to considerably over a hundred.

APPROVED BY LAW.—In Holland marriage by proxy is allowed. This is the so-called "marriage by the glove," and is usually put into practice by a Dutchman who is sojourning abroad, and wanting a wife, is too poor or too far off to return home for one. In such a case he writes home to a lawyer, who selects one conforming to his client's requirements. If the gentleman approves he sends the lawyer a soiled left-hand glove and a power of attorney. A friend marries the woman by proxy, and she is shipped off to her new home.

MANY TIMES ITS WEIGHT.—A noted entomologist who had been writing on the wonderful feats of strength as exhibited in the beetle family tells the following: "I selected" (he says) "a common black water-beetle, weighing four and two-tenths grains, and found that he was able to carry a load of shot in a small bag, the whole weighing eight and a quarter ounces, or exactly eight hundred and fifty-eight times the weight of the insect. If a man weighing one hundred and fifty pounds could carry as much proportionately he could shoulder a forty-five ton locomotive and then chain a train of cars together and take the whole lot across the country at the rate of five miles an hour."

USED BY EARLY MAN.—The National Museum of Copenhagen possesses a collection of prehistoric musical instruments which are particularly interesting in the light of recent research in the field of musical history. As these instruments were found with many other articles of manufacture known to have been used by the tribes of Angles and Saxons on the Jutland peninsula, it may be assumed that they were among the first instruments of music used by our forefathers. They are horns of bronze, their form long and slender, bent upward and forward in very graceful curves, and ending in large bronze discs, richly ornamented with curious buckle designs. These instruments are called "lures," and are thought to have been made during the latter part of the Bronze Age.

AFTER the age of thirty the brain of a woman decreases in weight.

FAREWELL.

BY W. W. LOSS.

Come out 'neath the moon with me;—
Stand here and list to that dreamy tune,
While the dancers dance the passion waltz,
In this last sweet night of June.

Now lay your little hand in mine,
This is the last time, dear, you know,
Tomorrow miles will between us lie,
Yes sweet, my sweet, I love you so.

O, but the days have been pure and fair,
O, but the nights have been fond and sweet:
But we have come to the end of all,
Yet love will repeat and repeat.

They are calling you—just one kiss—
Love is singing its funeral knell—
They are calling you—you must go—
God bless you darling, and now farewell.

A DOUBTED FAITH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A TRYING EXPERIENCE," "BY CROOKED PATHS," "A BURIED CRIME," "GWEN DALE'S ORDEAL."

CHAPTER V.—(CONTINUED.)

CHRIS made no remarks. The truth was that the usual question of frocks had stood in the way of their both accepting a month's invitation to a large country house—especially just now, with Olive's trousseau to be thought about; but she could not explain that with any number of listening ears around them.

"I wish," said Farquhar, knocking away the flaky crumbs of his first cheese cake from the ends of his moustache and looking boldly across at Chris as he spoke—"I wish I was an only son, with a fine house like Milton to invite the girl of my heart to for my long leave. I'd ask you, Miss Chris; and, what is more, you would have to come. Do you know I should have made love to you if I'd been a rich man?"

"Oh, no, you would not!" she answered confidently. "You and I have been too good chums ever to have gone in for anything of that sort, my dear young friend. There never was the faintest sign of that sort of nonsense between us."

"Well, it wasn't my fault," he retorted, with a deep sigh, which set Monica laughing. "I only held back because I saw you wouldn't have it at any price. There is no knowing to what lengths I might have gone if you had only shown me the slightest encouragement. I'm not sure that I have escaped quite whole-hearted, after all."

"Poor thing!" said Chris. "I should advise you to spend your leave at Milton too, and solace yourself with Miss Conway."

"I'm going to do so," he answered concisely; and the girls both laughed again.

"Won't you find it very quiet being left behind, Christie?" asked Denzil. "Olive and Conway and this rackety youth here, all deserting you at once. Of course Monica has her own especial compensations, but with you it is different."

"Oh, I have my compensations too," she returned—"or rather I hope to have! I am going in for a month's regular systematic work at my singing; and then, when my voice is in tip-top order, I am going to take a bold step, and strike out a line for myself."

"Nonsense!" put in Monica sharply. "Don't begin about that here, Chris. I think we ought to be getting home, Major Denzil, if you greedy creatures have had as many cakes as you want!"

Farquhar looked sharply at Christine as they rose. Had she really got it in her mind to carry out that threat about a theatrical engagement? he wondered. Monica's determined avoidance of the subject looked rather like it.

They separated at the shop door, for the men had duties at barracks, and Bethune's Wing was in the other direction; but, before they had gone twenty yards farther up the street, they were overtaken by Colonel Ledbitter and Captain Weston, who, it seemed, were going out to a place on the Winnett road to look at a horse, so that it was only an exchange of escort.

Monica had her shrewd suspicions that Weston would rather have passed on with an ordinary salutation, but Ledbitter left him no choice in the matter.

"We are going your way," he said. "Are you going straight home? May we walk so far with you?"

And Chris found herself marching along the thronged High Street with Ledbitter for her companion, her mind so perplexed with two problems that, if it had not been for his careful steering, she would have bumped into every second person they met.

From where had he dropped upon them in this mysterious way? Had he been waiting for them on purpose? she was asking herself. And then, why had it become so difficult all of a sudden to feel at her ease with him—with this man who was nearly old enough to be her father, whom she had scarcely seen a dozen times, all told, in her life, and who, those dozen times, had always treated her with an air of studied courtesy which, delightful as it was, was about as far removed from any suggestion of love-making as a man's manner could be.

"I believe I'm going to fall in love at last," she was saying to herself, in a kind of miserable dazed wonder; "and, just because I have been so hard on other people, I am going to be paid out now by caring for a man who is never likely to care in the least for me in return."

"Mrs. Weston has been telling me about your sister's engagement," he said, when they had left the busiest part of the street behind them, and conversation became possible. "It seems it is quite old news, but I had not heard it before. Is the date of the wedding fixed yet?"

"It is to be at the end of November."

"Three months hence. Well, I hope it will be everything one could wish in the way of happiness. As far as worldly position goes, I believe it is an unexceptionable marriage?"

"Yes; Mr. Conway is a rich man; but, unless he makes Olive very happy, we shan't find much comfort in the fact that she has made an unexceptionable marriage, I'm afraid."

"You are making fun of my stiff little phrase, Miss Christine."

"No—I was not thinking of it—as a phrase; I was thinking what it meant. I suppose this is an unexceptionable marriage, according to the general meaning of the term; and yet, if I was not sure—as sure, that is, as a third person can be—that they cared for each other quite tremendously, I would as soon she married a sweep."

He looked at her earnest face—their eyes were almost on a level—and a smile of very decided approval appeared on his own.

"And how much must people care for one another before they arrive at that necessary state of 'quite tremendously?'" he asked, with a pleasant warmth of tone. "Mind, I am not objecting to the expression—I like it very much, but I am asking for information only. I have been out of the way of all this sort of thing for so long that I am painfully conscious of my own rustiness. These new terms trip me up constantly, and they make me horribly conscious of the lapse of time too; like a mariner who comes home after an absence of half a lifetime, and finds all the old lights and beacons gone and new ones in their places. How can he steer his barque till he has learned the signals all over again, and how can I hope to find my way into any lady's favor until I know the new code too? Now you shall just tell me. If I were going to propose to a lady this evening, would it be the proper thing to tell her that I like her quite tremendously?"

"I think," said Chris laughingly, "that if you really did like her quite tremendously you would find out how to tell her so, without being coached up in the right expression."

"Well, I think so too; only, when one sees the audacity with which the youngsters go to work nowadays, it makes a man of my years open his eyes."

"What a thing to say!" observed Chris, with a touch of remonstrance. "One would think you were seventy at least!"

"Well, I feel seventy when I find myself among young creatures like you and your sisters. Do you know that I am more than twice your age, Miss Christie?"

"How did you know my age, Colonel Ledbitter?"

"I committed the indiscretion of asking."

"It was too bad of you!"

"Was it? Then I apologise. I thought a lady did not mind her age being known until she was past twenty-five. Do you know, I thought you were the eldest sister when I first met you at Mrs. Topham's garden-party."

"Yes; people often think so. Mouny's features being more delicate makes her look younger."

"What a pleasant afternoon that was!"

"At Mrs. Topham's, do you mean?"

"Yes. If you come to think of it, what a strange thing it is that, all our lives through, we can never tell what the next hour has in store for us. That party of Mrs. Topham's, for instance. Do you know I dreaded it worse than a visit to the dentist's. Nothing but my old friendship with Topham induced me to face the ordeal. What had I in common with a lot of boys and girls playing at love-making and tennis? I was in a downright ill-humor about it, for I expected to be bored to death."

"And weren't you?"

"No—I was not."

"Are you insinuating that the credit of your enjoyment was due in any degree to me?" she asked, with a brave effort at her usual frankness. "And you pretend that you don't know how to pay compliments! Why, I should get too conceited to put up with if you said many things like that to me!"

"I don't think you would," he returned quietly. "I don't believe you are given to setting too high a value upon yourself; and, as for compliments, I never pay them, I never say more than I mean. It was a very great pleasure to me to meet you. Do you know," he went on, in a lighter tone, "I meant to stay only one night when I came down to that party, and now nearly three weeks have gone by, and I am here still? And I believe it is nearly all your fault, Miss Christie. As a rule, no man going knows his own mind better than I; and yet, here I am dawdling about from day to day without a plan beyond the pleasure of the moment, and the chance of hearing you sing again some time in the immediate future. I had promised to be with my brother for the first of this month, and here we are at the fifth, and I am still here. Have you practiced some sorcery on me to make me so unlike myself?"

"How angry your brother would be if he heard you—angry with me, I mean! Nothing makes me so cross as to have anybody break a promise."

"Does that mean that I have done wrong to stay?" he asked. "Are you tired of being amiable to such a slow old fogey as I am? Must I pack my portmanteau and start for Norfolk and the partridges to-morrow morning?"

"Well, as far as 'oughts' go, I think you ought," she said resolutely; and then added quickly, as if she was scared out of her life at the thought that he might take her at her word, "But do not give that as a reason that I am tired of being amiable to you. Everybody is going away, I should be only too glad to keep you back if I could. When Olive has gone on her visit to her future mother-in-law, and Con with her, and his friend Mr. Farquhar, we shall be thankful for a little society, and ready to make a regular fuss over any stray dropper-in."

"That is a 'he picked me up for the pleasure of knocking me down again' sort of speech," he said. "You say you would keep me back if you could, and then you class me among the 'stray droppers-in.' If you knew what a very intense pleasure it is to me to sit in that charming old room of yours, and look out at that peaceful green garden, and listen to your singing, you would not make me feel uncomfortable with your nasty little remarks about stray droppers-in. I shall complain to Mrs. Golightly that you have been calling me wicked names, and then you will get a regular rating."

Christine laughed.

"That shows all you know about it! I do not remember the mum ever giving one of us a rating in our lives. We do all the rowing; she is the most dutiful obedient mother in the world; we bully her shamefully."

"You love her very dearly," he answered. "Nobody can see you all together without seeing that. When I see you with your mother you make my heart ache with longing. All these years that I have been alone, I have never got over the want of a home; and I think I never knew quite how terribly alone I was until I saw the happy companionship between you and your mother."

Christine's eyes were shining with sudden sympathy as she turned to him.

"Mrs. Topham told us about your trouble," she said gently. "I have often felt I should like to speak; but those thing are difficult."

"I have never talked about it," he replied—"never, all those twelve years; I don't think I could begin now. There are some wounds that will start bleeding afresh if you uncover them—mine is one of those. I always keep the bandages on, Miss Christie. That is the only way."

"And do you think," said Chris hesitatingly, as if she feared ever so faint a touch might hurt him, "that it will never heal, Colonel Ledbitter?"

They were at the gate of Bethune's Wing as she put the question; and he took her hand in his as he answered, and looked full in the face with a steady searching gaze, which had a certain wistfulness about it for all its close inquiry.

"All those years I have told myself that it never would," he said thoughtfully; "and yet—just lately, I have begun to ask myself if, after all, it is possible. A month ago, I should have laughed the idea down, now I don't feel quite so certain; I have been tempted once or twice to try a new cure, only I dread the consequences if it should be a failure, and I should have re-opened the wound for nothing. What is your advice?"

Once again the color came rushing into her face; she drew her hand out of his in a wild flurry, as if she meant to make a run for it. She thought better of it however, and stood quietly with her hand on the gate to make her reply.

"I should try the cure," she said, making a valiant effort to forget that she had any individual interest in the matter. "Anything is better than life-long loneliness, I think."

"We will talk it over again," he answered, with a quick flash of the eye—"some day when we have more time on hand. Good-bye!"

Chris stumbled in at the door, took three strides across to the dining-room, and shut herself in just as Monica and Weston reached the gate.

All she wanted just now was to be alone, utterly alone, if only for five minutes, that she might still the mad leaping of her pulses before she was called upon to look a fellow-creature in the face again.

CHAPTER VI.

IT WAS a curious but infallible indication of the difference of disposition in the three girls that, while happiness made Monica or Olive quiet and dreamy, it produced so restless an energy in Christine that to sit still was a positive martyrdom to her.

She was up and out before anybody was awake the next morning; and, by the time they came to call her into breakfast, she had trimmed the high privet hedge round two sides of the large garden.

The moment dinner was over she dressed herself and tramped off, without a word to anybody, on a long lonely walk down the Winnett road. Action and solitude, in the present state of her mind, were absolute necessities to her, and nowhere could she be so sure of them as in a swinging stretch along the little-used road leading from Milchester to Winnet.

The sun was shining brilliantly when she set out; but when, after an hour's smart walking, she turned her face towards home again, and saw the black clouds which had been piling themselves up behind her back ever since she started, she said to herself that she was in for a thorough wetting before she reached home.

Her first thought was that, luckily, she had nothing on that the rain could hurt, and then she set herself to the task of making as good traveling as she could. But she had walked out at a rattling speed, and the homeward road was uphill all the way. She was still a good mile and a half from home when the rain overtook her; and it came down in a regular flood.

Looking round her in search of some shelter which might harbor her until the first burst of fury was past, she saw a shanty, half-way across a field on her right, built up against the hedge which divided two fields from each other. Picking up her skirts to keep them as much as possible away from contact with the heavy soil, she pushed open the field-gate and ran swiftly across the soft ground and in at the open door.

Once inside and beyond the reach of the heavy rain, she paused, laughing at being so suddenly overtaken, and turned round to the daylight again; for, truth to tell, the interior of the little shed did not have the pleasantest atmosphere in the world.

As she stood there in the open doorway watching the rain beating down upon the parched soil, there came gradually to her an impression that she was not alone, that there was some living thing in the darkness behind her. It was a creepy feeling, having this unknown presence for her only companionship; and it was not until she found that she was becoming actually frightened, that she turned boldly round and began to peer into the dimness of the malodorous little place.

As she moved from the doorway the inside grew lighter, and then she saw the figure of a woman crouched up in one of the dark corners. It was a shock and yet a relief. For a moment Christine thought she was asleep; but growing more accustomed to the gloom, she saw that her silent neighbor's eyes were wide open,

and fixed upon her with a look of shrinking terror.

"You quite frightened me!" she said gently. "I did not know there was any one behind me. I suppose you are taking shelter from the rain, too."

The woman made no answer, beyond a low moan, and a pitiful little movement of her head and shoulders, as if she wished for nothing but to be left alone. But Christine could see her pretty plainly by now, and she was horrified at her appearance. In her hollow eyes and sunken cheeks there was every sign of actual starvation.

"I am afraid you are ill," said Christine again, going a little nearer. "Are you quite by yourself? Can I do anything for you?"

The poor creature turned her head away, and signed feebly with her hands for Chris to keep back.

"Too late!" she muttered in a hoarse weak whisper. "Don't trouble; let me die—in peace."

Chris was at her wit's end what to do for the best. Her sympathy was aroused, but which would be the most helpful way of showing it? As she stood there, looking down at the poor wreck of humanity crouched at her feet, she heard the clatter of a horse's hoofs coming along the road; and ran out into the rain to stop the rider.

To her infinite relief it was Farquhar, riding Conway's old gray horse. He pulled up at her hail, and, slipping the bridle of the horse over the gate post, came dashing across the field towards her.

"What are you doing out here?" he cried. "I have been to the horse sale at Winnett, to bid for a hunter for Con. Half the world was there. What's up? Anything wrong?"

She drew him just within the door.

"Don't look round," she whispered; "there is a poor creature over in the corner yonder, half dead for want. She is so weak she can hardly speak. She must be got into the town somehow, or she will die out here in this awful place, like a dog in a ditch."

"I will get home and send the ambulance litter out at once," he said; "but you, Chris? It is not pleasant for you to be left alone with her."

"Oh, I don't mind that a bit! I could go and leave her by herself again. She looks as if she might die any minute."

"Well, I'll get in and out again as quickly as ever I can—a quarter of an hour at the outside. I'll bring a drop of brandy and water out with me. You're quite sure you don't mind being left?"

"Quite, quite sure! Go, dear boy—her life may hang on your getting back quickly!"

He hurried off at once. It was many a day since Conway's old gray hack horse had been sent along at such a pace. He galloped round to the barracks and gave the order for the ambulance, got the flask of brandy and water, and rode out again as if he were running a race. But all to no purpose. When we got out to the shed on the Winnett road, and hitched his bridle over the gate post again, Chris came along the hedge to meet him.

"Too late!" she said softly. "The poor soul's trouble is all over. She died with her head on my shoulder, Tom, and with her last breath she said, 'God bless you, young lady!' I've laid her straight on the bare earthen floor, and shut her sad tired eyes. It was all I could do."

She stopped, with a little catch in her breath, and he patted her affectionately on the shoulder.

"Let the cry come, dear," he said persuasively. "Poor old Chris! No—don't go back, dear girl! It can't do her any good now to have you there, and it will only harrow you up for nothing. I'd go home if I were you, dear. I'll wait here till the litter comes, and then I'll overtake you. The rain is over for the present, and you ought to get out of your wet clothes as soon as you can."

She offered no remonstrance to the plan.

"If you don't overtake me you will come in as you pass?" she asked, and walked away, with the tears running down her face, towards the road.

Ledbitter and the Westons had been out to the Winnett horse-sale together; the Colonel had gone to buy the horse he had looked at yesterday, and Mrs. Weston had talked Algernon into letting her occupy the spare seat in the dog-cart, because she thought it conferred a real touch of distinction upon her to be seen in the society of a man of Ledbitter's standing.

As they came back up the long hill into Milchester again, walking the horse up the stiffest part, Mrs. Weston's sharp eyes lighted upon Conway's gray hack, hitched up at the gate of the turnip-field; and then, looking about for an explanation of the phenomenon, she saw a tall slender woman and a man in gray, talking together outside the tumble-down shelter half way across the field.

"An assignation!" she exclaimed, in sudden delighted excitement. "It is Farquhar, I am sure; but who the lady is I can't make out at this distance. So that was what took the young gentleman off half-an-hour before any one else thought of starting! I wonder if that poor old horse has been left out there all through that heavy rain? It is a shame! Con is so fond of the faithful old beastie. Ah, they're saying good-bye now! The girl is coming towards the road and he is going back into the shed. I wonder who she is? She can't have seen us, or she would have kept under cover until we were past. A girl scarcely cares to be discovered at that sort of thing. Look, she is crying! Did you see? She is wiping her eyes with her handkerchief. It has evidently been an overpowering interview. Aren't you all anxiety to see who it is, Colonel Ledbitter? Can't you hurry up a little, Algernon, so as to meet her at the gate?"

"We shall be sure to overtake her," Weston answered; "there is no house for a clear mile along the road here. They chose a quiet enough place, didn't they?"

"I'm rather surprised at Farquhar," Mrs. Weston went on, taking up the running again; "he has really been so devoted to the girl whose voice you admire so much, Colonel; I thought he had given up these evil little ways for good. There goes the handkerchief again! It can have been nothing less than an eternal farewell to cause such grief, I am all impatience to see who—— Why, I do believe—— Why, Colonel Ledbitter, it is your enchantress herself!"

Ledbitter had been aware of the fact for the past half-minute. He received the information in silence; and the thin affected voice went on.

"Well, I will confess I am surprised! Not that I ever thought so well of those girls as some people do, but I did not think they would give an assignation of this secret character to a young man, all the same. I never liked that ugly one's ways; it always seemed to me that there was more of defiance than candor in that assertive frankness of hers. I wonder if she will acknowledge us as we pass? Upon my word I don't think I shall answer her bow if she does."

Still Ledbitter said nothing; nor did he make any remark when Chris turned her face deliberately towards the hedge as they bowled past, and then turned right round, and stared back along the road she had come, until they had gone quite beyond saluting distance. He sat still and heard the unceasing string of ill-natured suggestions handled from husband to wife on the front seat; and, though he would not join in with a single syllable, he was obliged to confess to himself that her determination not to show her face did "look as if she were ashamed of herself"—which was Mrs. Weston's elegant way of putting it. And his one clear thought was, "Thank Heaven I did not commit myself irretrievably yesterday."

And Chris, tramping along behind, never even troubled to notice who was in the passing vehicle. Her thoughts were with the poor dead woman. It was not much to be wondered at that she should have been heedless of one of the little conventionalities of life; and it was perhaps astonishing that she should even had sufficient presence of mind to keep her tear-stained face hidden from the curious gaze of the passers-by.

Ledbitter had a bad time of it that night; he lay awake, calling himself a fool for thinking that he could make a girl care for him, and planning his speedy departure from Milchester.

He would have gone off by an early train the next morning but for one fact. He was to dine at mess in the evening by Colonel Topham's invitation; and a man whom he had not seen since the year of his joining was going to drive thirty miles across country, for the express purpose of shaking hands with his old comrade. To disappoint him was of course out of the question. The only thing to be done was to make all arrangements before-hand, get away early, and leave Milchester by the first train, which started considerably before ten o'clock.

All day he was more or less busy about the town, trying to squeeze into one day the business he had planned for some weeks to come.

It was about five o'clock in the evening when he and Denzil made their last expedition up the High street, to give a final order about the last date he could allow the saddler for a job he had in hand for him. The saddler's was next to the principal draper's, and as the two men passed the latter place Christine came out hurriedly with a small parcel, and nearly ran into them.

She blushed as she pulled up with a laughing apology, but as the blush passed it left her of a sudden deadly white, for Colonel Ledbitter, raising his hat, walked straight on, with his features set as hard and rigid as a stone mask, and turned in at the saddler's next door. She knew her dream was over as certainly as if Ledbitter had told her so in so many words. He meant her to understand that he had withdrawn from his position of the day before yesterday, and she understood it thoroughly.

"Mother has had a letter from Colonel Ledbitter," said Olive, when Chris, heart-sore and weary, reached home. "Such a piece of bad news Chris. He has been suddenly called away to London, and doesn't know when he may have the pleasure of meeting us again. There is a message for you. The letter is on the little table in the window. See for yourself what he says."

Chris went quietly across to the window and picked up the sheet of thick note-paper, with the chocolate monogram and crest she knew so well.

"Tell Miss Christine I will send from London the songs I spoke of last. It is a disappointment to me not to hear her sing them; but this is a world of disappointments, and he would be a happy man who escaped without any deeper one than this.

"Yours sincerely,

"GRUFFYDD LEDBITTER."

What was there behind the words? Something hinting at a disappointment in her?

* * * * * *

When Christine had left Farquhar at the door of the shanty on the preceding days; he had not been so absorbed by the mournfulness of the moment as she was. The sound of wheels had brought him out to see who was passing, and he was thoroughly vexed when he recognised the Westons' trap. He knew Ledbitter was with them, and he knew also that "dear Fanny" would recognise the horse at the gate as the one he had been riding, and proceeded to put two and two together, in her own charming style, until she made at least a hundred out of it.

The next morning, when he heard of Ledbitter's intended departure, he, in turn, began to do his little sum of addition, and arrived very quickly at his own conclusions as to the cause of the Colonel's sudden change of plan. It was such a difficult matter to interfere in, and yet it would be a bitter shame if Christine's whole life was to be spoiled for a few spiteful suggestions from a woman of Fanny Weston's type.

It was nearly six o'clock before he was able to get across to the Colonel's quarters, for he had made up his mind how he could best do a good turn for his girl-friend.

Even then he had to sit out one or two late callers; but, when at last he had got good-natured Mrs. Topham to himself, he soon explained matters.

"All I want," he said, as he rose to go, "is to have the story told truly—now—at once—before Mrs. Weston has time to spend her version all over the place, and I thought you would be the best person to do it."

"No," she answered—"we will place the whole affair above the rank of women's tattle. You may leave it to me to see it set straight; and, in my old friend Nora Golightly's name, as well as my own, I thank you very heartily for coming to me."

Mrs. Topham took her way to her husband's dressing-room and, finding he had no time to give her a private interview, said what she had to say in French, while the Colonel's man finished strapping and buckling his master into necessary condition of military stiffness.

It was a very full guest-night at the mess and an unusually animated one. Nine o'clock had already struck before the usual after-dinner routine had been got through.

Farquhar, from a long way down, was watching Ledbitter's restless glances at the clock, and feeling oddly disturbed at the thought that he meant going, after all, when he suddenly heard the name of Golightly from that part of the table.

"You remember him surely?" the Colonel was saying to his neighbor. "Maurice Golightly, a man with very blue eyes and a laugh that always set you cackling in sympathy—one of the lightest-hearted chaps I ever met; and he was hardly one of the world's fortunate ones either. A first-rate man in action—as cool and daring as any glum-faced martinet of the lot. Poor fellow, he would have got the Cross if he had come through the Crollmardy affair! He did one of the pluckiest things I ever witnessed in my life."

"Quite a young man, wasn't he? Did he leave any family behind him?" somebody asked; and the Colonel turned quickly round on the questioner, as if that was the very inquiry he had been waiting for.

"Why, Yes! But unfortunately they are all girls—unfortunately because they have inherited their father's courage, and it is rather wasted on girls. Yesterday, for instance, the second one did a thing that not one girl in a hundred would have done. Mrs. Topham came to my room while I was dressing and told me about it. She is only a slip of a girl, mind you, scarcely more than out of her teens, which makes it all the more creditable to her. Is your time up?" This to Ledbitter, who had risen and was shaking hands with those near him. Then, as he held him by the hand, Topham fired his last shot. "Fanny that larky rackety Christine doing a thing of that kind! She found a poor tramp at her last gasp in a cattle-shed of the Winnett road yesterday, and, after she had sent for help, she had the courage to stay there by herself and watch the woman die, for she was dead before help came. By-the-bye, Farquhar, you were the man who fetched the help, weren't you?"

"Yes, sir. I got up here and gave the order for the litter, and tore back as hard as Conway's old hack would take me, but it was all over."

Ledbitter was looking at him while he spoke, with a stirred expression in his eyes and about his lips which altered his face almost beyond all recognition. As he listened, he made a movement as if to reseat himself, and then, suddenly recollecting himself, he finished his adieux and made his way out of the room.

He stopped behind Weston's chair as he went, and said aloud—

"I should take it as an obligation to myself if you would repeat to Mrs. Weston the story we have just heard. Good night!"

Ever since her return from her shopping expedition to the drapers' in the High street Chris had worked busily away at Olive's pretty frocks. It was such a fit of unflagging vivacity as even Chris seldom indulged in, and it was maintained without a break right up to nine o'clock, when Olive insisted on the work being put away for the night.

"Well, then," said Chris, "I think I'll take a trot round the garden and cool my ardor a little before we go to bed."

It was very still out there. But presently a sound was heard—a firm military footstep approaching towards her from the town.

The footsteps came on; but, as they neared the house, they grew softer and more cautious, almost as if the new-comer was anxious to pass without being heard.

Just for an instant she thought she must scream. An hysterical little gasp betrayed her. There was a muttered startled exclamation, and two, strong, eager, tremulous hands came gropingly towards her.

"Chris, is it you?" came a quick earnest whisper. "Child, did you feel that I was coming—that you are here to meet me? Oh, Chris, my dear, forgive me for having doubted your faith and purity even for a moment! Forgive me for having hurt your feelings! Let us forget all about this cruel little business, and begin again where we left off. Do you remember, Chris? You advised me to try a certain cure for the old wound. Well, I can't try it without your aid, child! Will you help me to try it, Chris? Will you come to me, and give me the benefit of your tender sympathy? I will love you so dearly, Chris! You will be so precious to me, that your happiness shall be my first thought always, so long as God shall spare me to cherish you. Will you overlook the fact that I am old enough to be your father, and let me love you, darling?"

Chris was not likely to conduct herself conventionally in any circumstances; she held her face towards him without a word, and he found the silent reply eminently satisfactory.

"A grand fright you gave me, Groth!" she said presently, laughing, as she guided him round the side of the house and in at the drawing-room window. "I thought I had lost you for ever. Mother, your future son-in-law!" she cried, throwing the dining-room door open with a flourish.

The result of her surprise quite came up to her anticipations, for, what with delight and astonishment, Mrs. Golightly had much ado to check an attack of hysterics then and there.

Mrs. Weston was permanently crushed by the last blow. During the next two or three months the "Golightly brood" were so continually to the fore, the whole regiment were so united in their desire to do them honor, that "dear Fanny" went away on an extended visit to her relations; and, in the meantime, Algernon applied for and obtained an exchange.

"Which was a satisfactory settlement of the question all the way round," as Farquhar observed.

One last little scrap of regimental gossip.

Miss Conway has become a constant guest of the Colonel's wife; and, when she is there, Farquhar spends nearly all his leisure time in Mrs. Topham's drawing-room.

[THE END.]

EVENING.

BY A. E. M.

Beyond the summit of the far-off hill,
The golden sun has sunk in the west;
No wind disturbs the air of evening still,
The weary world is peaceful and at rest;
One crimson cloud hangs in the upper air,
Like some fair ship, that in a quiet bay
Lies anchored, waiting for the breeze to bear
Her swiftly to strange countries far away.
A bird or two, that have not fall'n asleep,
Still twitter drowsily from bush or tree;
The shadows gradually onward creep,
And darkness, like the dim eternity,
Which men know not, yet dread, envelops all,
Folding the flower-clad earth within her pall.

An Old Man's Darling.

BY A. P. L.

"PLEASE, Miss Avis, you're wanted."

"Tell me something I don't know, Jane. Of course I'm wanted—nice people always are. Who wants me?"

"It's the master, miss."

"Then I'm afraid the master must want. I'm too busy to come."

"What's that, Miss Impudence?" says a deep voice, as a tall broad shouldered man takes the place of the servant in the doorway.

He advances a few steps into the room and then stops, for he cannot get any farther, and looks round him in dismay. The room seems full of books. They are piled on the chairs, on the sofa, on his writing-table; while on the floor, beside a heap of them, a girl is sitting. She has a large white apron on, and a silk handkerchief is tied over her hair.

"Oh, Thane, why did you come in?" she cries reproachfully. "I didn't want you to see them till I had finished. Will it do if I come to you in half an hour? I should like to finish here first."

"Yes," says Doctor Lythall; and then he goes away, leaving the girl to finish her self-imposed task of dusting the books and rearranging them, according to their size, on the shelves which line two sides of the room from floor to ceiling.

Doctor Thane Lythall is a man who might be taken for any age between forty and fifty. His hair is very gray, which makes him look older than he really is, while his erect soldierly figure and quick firm step are those of a young man. His dark eyes have lost none of the fire and his voice none of the clearness of youth; but his manner is invariably so grave and reserved that his people think him ten years older than his real age, which is forty three.

Avis Calvert pokes the fire into a blaze before going on with her work, for the short October afternoon is over and the room is almost dark. She is a very pretty girl,

"With soft rounded cheeks, and eyes as bright
As sunlight on a stream,"

and a very light-hearted one, too, as she dusts and arranges the books and hums a little song. She is feeling rather tired however, and heaves a sigh of relief as she begins with the last shelf, which is close to the floor, and contains a row of big heavy books.

As she takes them out, she notices a small object that has been wedged in behind them, and she picks it up and carries it to the firelight. It is a packet of letters folded in a blank sheet of paper and tied with a string. When Avis has brushed the thick dust from them, she sees that something is written on the cover, and the color rushes to her face as she recognises Thane's handwriting. There are only two words—"Jeanie's Letters"—and underneath them there is a date of more than twenty years back.

Avis sits a long time gazing into the fire with the packet in her lap. Who was Jeanie, and why has Thane kept her letters? She must have been his sweetheart long ago. Did she die, or did she marry some one else? Avis looks at the packet almost with awe, but she never dreams of opening it. It is Thane's secret, and no one shall ever know that she has found it out. Poor Thane!

Even after the packet has been hidden again and the books replaced, Avis cannot put it out of her thoughts, and the firelight shines on a very sober little face as she sits puzzling over it. She hopes that Thane will forget that he wants her, for she shrinks strangely from meeting him just now. The little discovery has stirred the girl's nature to its very depths. Her grave-faced guardian is presented to her in quite a new light, and she falls to weaving a little romance about him. How strange it seemed to think of him as being young and caring for some one! That must be the reason of his being an old bachelor.

Oh, why did no one ever tell her about it? She has always taken it for granted that he is quite happy with her and Mrs. Ross, and, when he has been more silent than usual, she has put it down to being tired; and all the time he has been thinking about this girl—this Jeanie! How little she knows of his life, after all! And how silly it was of her to think that she was the most important person in it!

A warm tear drops upon her hand, and she begins to cry softly, without knowing why, conscious only of feeling very dejected and forlorn.

She feels heartily ashamed of herself a little latter when, in response to a summons to tea, she goes down stairs, after hastily washing her hands and changing her dress; and she is immensely relieved to find that Thane has been called out. She knows she has nothing to fear from the unobservant eyes of Mrs. Ross, Thane's aunt, who has kept his house for many years—long before Avis Calvert came to live with them.

"Mrs. Ross, why did Thane never marry?"

"I have sometimes thought it was because he never had time to think about it," Mrs. Ross answers. "His has been such a busy hardworking life! Besides, dear, until the last few years he has not been in a position to marry—there have always been so many people depending on his help."

"Do you mean those precious brothers of his?" Avis says. "It's a shame he should have to help them when they are all three older than he is!"

A faint color came into Mrs. Ross's faded cheeks.

"They are not the only ones he has helped, Avis. I was thinking of myself just then. The thought that, if I had not been here, he would have looked out for a wife long ago has often troubled me. It is fifteen years since my husband died. I remember sitting alone in my lodgings and wondering what was to become of me, when Thane came—dear lad!—and pretended he could not get on another week without me to look after him. I have never wanted for anything since, though, as I sometimes tell him, I haven't the slightest claim on him."

"Oh, Mrs. Ross, if you feel like that, how ought I to feel? I am not even a relative. What am I to Thane that he should have done all that he has done for me? I can't understand it all; it often puzzles me!"

"My dear," the old lady says impressively, "your father was Thane's best and dearest friend. When he died and left you unprovided for, it was only natural that Thane should want to help you for your father's sake, and we decided that the best way would be to have you here."

"But father died in Australia, and they had never seen each other for years!"

"Why should that make any difference, my child?"

Avis is silent. She is thinking of the day, six years ago, when the head-mistress sent for her, and told her, as kindly as she could, that her father was dead, and that she must have a black frock. She remembers how she cried until she was quite ill—not because she was sorry about the father who was unknown to her, but because she was used to feeling sad, and this was only one more trouble to cry over. Then a few days afterwards a gentleman came to the cheap London-boarding-school—a gentleman with gray hair and kind eyes—who said, "So this is the little girl, is it, Miss Lester?" Avis was fourteen then, but she was very thin and small for her age. Then kissed her, and said, "Will you come and be my little girl now? I will try to be good to you."

And Avis remembers how she put her hand into his and went away with him gladly, and how very good he has been to her ever since.

"I wish I could pay him back!" she says aloud. Her voice is unsteady, her eyes are full of tears. "I wish I could do something to show him how grateful I am!"

"You are a dear good girl, Avis, and Thane is very fond of you—that is quite enough. If we love any one very much, we don't expect anything back; we don't think about it."

Doctor Lythall does not return home till late that night, and Mrs. Ross and Avis are just going up-stairs as he opens the front-door. He calls Avis back, and she follows him into the drawing-room, feeling strangely shy and nervous. He takes a letter from his pocket and looks down at her with a smile.

"I received this in the morning from Robert Inglis, and I had a visit from him this afternoon," he continues. "I suppose you can guess what it is about?"

"Oh, yes!" Avis answers unconcernedly. "He has been bothering my life out about it for a long time."

"Well, dear," Thane says gently, after waiting a few minutes for her to speak, "what do you think about it?"

"What do you think about it?" the girl returns, raising her brown eyes to his.

"I? Oh, I think Bob's a splendid young fellow; and there is no doubt that he loves you most sincerely! You care for him, too, child, don't you?"

"Yes—I'm very fond of Bob," she replies vaguely. "I think he's awfully nice!"

Robert Inglis, the young engineer whose open devotion to Avis for the last two years has left no doubt as to his intentions, is the second son of the Squire of the place. Handsome, clever in his profession, and the possessor of an ample private fortune, he is a lover of whom most girls would be proud; but there is no elation in Avis' face—only a little embarrassment and a shade of anxiety as she stands looking down at the carpet with her hands clasped behind her.

"I don't know what to say," she says at length—and her voice sounds as if the tears were not very far off. "I'm so happy here with—with you and Mrs. Ross, I don't want to go away."

"But we can't keep you with us always, child." Doctor Lythall returns, with a sigh; "we sha'n't be able to satisfy you for long. Every heart, sooner or later, finds out that it wants only one person in all the world—some one nearer and dearer than all the rest."

"Does every one feel like that, Thane?"

"Yes—I think so," he answers gravely."

An awkward silence follows.

"Don't decide too hastily, dear," the Doctor says at last. "Of course you know best, but, for my part, there is no one to whom I could give you with greater confidence than to Inglis. You see, he has kept other fellows off pretty effectually till now, but, if we sent him away, when other men came and wanted you, I might wish they were Bob."

"Perhaps no one else will want me. Why should they?"

"Nice people are always wanted," he answers, with a smile.

Avis sees the smile, and something seems to die out of her heart leaving it very cold. Of course she thinks it does not matter much to Thane how she decides. How foolish it was of her to imagine that it did! He only wants to secure her happiness. Well, she can at least show him how grateful she is for all his goodness to her by relieving him of further anxiety as to her future.

"I'll have Bob," she says very quietly. "I'll tell him so to-morrow when he comes. Good night!"

She holds up her face for her guardian to kiss her. He does not often do so—only on special occasions, or when he is going from home; but to-night he kisses her almost solemnly, pushing back the wavy hair from her forehead as he does so. She looks very lovely with the new shy expression on her face.

"I expect this is about the last kiss I shall get—isn't it? Well, it does seem a shame to waste them on an old fellow like me! Good night, my dear!"

"What an eventful day this has been," Avis thinks, just before she goes to sleep—"finding those letters and then getting engaged!" And a vague idea comes into her mind that, if it had not been for the one event, the other would probably never have taken place.

Doctor Lythall sits motionless for a long time after she left him, thinking deeply and quite forgetful of the fact that that he has had nothing to eat for several hours. Judging from his face, his thoughts are not happy ones.

"What a disappointing thing life is!" he mutters at last, rising and stretching himself wearily. "Browning says it is 'just our chance o' the prize of learning love.' I've missed it somehow," he adds, with a sigh, as he goes up-stairs.

* * * * *

"I can't think what's come to you, Avis! You're enough to try the patience of a saint! I can't please you, however hard I try, and we're everlastingly quarrelling about something. You were a great deal kinder and sweeter to me before we were engaged than you are now!"

Avis looks up eagerly into her lover's wrathful face.

"I wish we could go back to those old times, Bob. You were such a nice friend, and you're quite a failure as a sweetheart. Let's agree to jilt each other—shall we?"

They have been engaged three months. Christmas has come and gone, bringing to Avis more pleasure and festivities than she has had in the whole of her life before, for Bob is very proud of his fiancee, and takes her about with him everywhere. Old Mr. Inglis is delighted with his future daughter-in-law, and Mrs. Ralph, the wife of Bob's eldest brother, has grown quite fond of her, and rivals the other two in their efforts to spoil her.

Avis tells herself constantly that she is a very lucky girl, and reproaches herself for not being happier. If only she could keep friends with Bob, how delightful everything would be!

But this is precisely what she cannot do. She is indifferent to his anger, impatient under his caresses, and so short-tempered that Bob is at his wits' end to know how to please her.

He is as deeply in love with her as ever, but he cannot help feeling that it is rather a trial to be engaged to a girl who seems to take a positive delight in finding out how few ideas they have in common, and in proving how totally unsuited they are to each other. But, with all their quarrelling, this is the first time she has said anything about breaking off the engagement, and he turns a little pale and cannot find a word to say.

They are alone together in the drawing-room, and Avis rises and, going to him as he stands with his back to the fire, begins to speak quite earnestly.

"I wish you'd throw me over, Bob," she says. "I'd bear all the unkind speeches people would make about me; I'd even help them to a few! I'm so tired of squabbling! Oh, I know it's not your fault"—as he makes an impatient gesture—"it is I who have changed! I used to be sweet-tempered, and now I'm always irritable and cross. Even Mrs. Ross gets angry with me, and Betsy scolds me, and Thane—oh, well, he's just the same; but then I see so little of him nowadays!"

"What does Betsy scold you about? I hope she lectures you on your conduct to me."

Betsy is the cook, an old and valued servant of the Doctor's and the ruler of his household. Jane, the housemaid, gives it as her opinion that she nursed the master when he was a baby; but Betsy will not own to this, being somewhat sensitive on the score of her age. She is good-tempered, though apt to be rather severe in judgment.

"Oh, dear me, no!" Avis says, with a laugh. "You're not by any means a favorite of hers. She says you're a most 'bombasterous' young man—whatever that may be—and she can't see why I 'took up' with you. No; she was scolding me for being cross. She says, if I'm miserable myself, that's no reason why I should make other people so too."

"Are you miserable? Then it must be my fault," Bob says despairingly; "and I would give my life to make you happy!"

"It isn't your fault, Bob—it's all mine; you're far too good for me. I can't think why you care for me, for I'm not at all a nice girl. I never was very nice"—regretfully—"but nowadays I'm just horrid! Even Thane is disgusted with me, I believe. I offered to kiss him this morning before he went to London, and he just patted my cheek instead. I did feel snubbed!"

"Perhaps he thinks that your kisses all belong to me now," Bob replies, putting his arm round her as he speaks. "Give me one now, sweet, and don't let us quarrel any more!"

"Don't, Bob!" Avis protests, struggling to get free. "You know I can't bear to be kissed; and I wish you wouldn't touch me! I hate you to catch hold of me—it's so vulgar!"

"I like to be vulgar," Bob says; but something in her face warns him that it is no joking matter, and he lets her go. "My dearest," he says gently, "I wonder if you will ever understand how much I want you?"

"I don't want you—not a bit!" she answers, with a doleful shake of the head. Then, seeing how much her words have hurt him, she adds, with a rather dreary smile, "But I want you to want me, because—because nobody else does!"—and then she bursts into tears.

The next few minutes are very precious ones to Bob, and he makes the most of them. He would not exchange his capricious little sweetheart for all the gentle loving girls in the world.

Late the same evening, while Mrs. Ross sits dozing beside the fire, Avis slips away to the kitchen to have a chat with Betsy. It is Jane's night out," so Avis and the old cook have it all to themselves.

"Betsy," she said suddenly, "you taught me how to make puddings and pies; I wish you would teach me how to make love. Bob says my heart is as hard as a brick!"

"It's a pity but what he'd look out for somebody with a soft one, then, and leave you alone. You're too good for the likes o' him!"

"Betsy!"—in a shocked tone. "What a dreadful thing to say, when you know I haven't a farthing of my own and am dependent on the Doctor for everything! Why, Bob's far above me in every way!"

"I wish he was a bit farther—so far that you couldn't see him at all," Betsy rejoins, with a grim smile—"and then maybe, when you'd done star-gazin', you'd see what was just under your nose."

She glances sharply at the girl as she says this; but Avis does not seem to have heard her.

"Ay, my dear," she says, tenderly, "that lad's not the man for you! Can't you see it? You're such a wilful girl, and so fond o' your own way, and you want somebody strong—somebody you can look up to and who'll make you mind."

"But I don't like being made to mind," Avis says, smiling. "Nobody knows that better than you, Betsy. I should never dream of obeying Bob, who is not many years older than I am."

"He'll make you obey him, if I'm not much mistaken," Betsy says dryly; "and you'll find out some day, miss, when it's too late, that it's better to be an old man's darling than a young man's slave."

"An old man's darling!" she repeats softly to herself. "It sounds—it sounds nice!"

* * * * * *

"It's an awfully good thing for me, Doctor. I think myself very lucky to have secured it! And, if I can only persuade Avis to go out with me, I shall be the happiest man alive! I should feel more sure of her if you would promise to be on my side, Doctor, and help me."

"How do you expect me to help you?"

"Oh—er—I don't quite know! But, if you wouldn't mind explaining to her and—and showing her that it's her duty to go," Bob stammers.

"You surely can't expect me to tell the child I want her to go?"

"No, sir, of course not! And I beg your pardon. I was forgetting that you had the first claim on her."

"No, Inglis—you have the first, the only claim on her. I spoke without thinking. I will do what I can for you."

"Thank you! It is very good of you," Bob says humbly. "I'm afraid I selfishly forgot that it will be awfully hard for you to part with Avis. You will miss her very much—you and Mrs. Ross."

The young man rises to leave. The Doctor goes with him to the door, and then walks back to the study, feeling as if in a dream. What will his life be like when she has gone out of it perhaps for ever?

He raises his head and looks round the room as if for an answer. The sound of the piano breaks the silence, coming faint and sweet through the closed doors; and then he hears Avis' voice, clear and joyous, singing one of his favorite songs.

The music ceases and silence follows. A door opens and Avis crosses the hall; and he holds his breath as he hears the light quick footsteps stop at his door. The girl opens it and says in a doubtful tone—

"Are you there, Thane?"

A flood of light comes in with her, but it cannot reach the dark corner where he sits in the depths of his arm-chair. He does not speak, and she goes away again, and the light goes with her.

"Yes—that is how it will be too. 'The life of my life is clean gone out,' a great man said when his wife died;" and the words flash into Thane's mind and find an echo in his heart. "Heaven help me!" he groans. "And to think that I have only just found it out!"

* * * * * *

"Avis, I wish you would go and find Thane, and tell him that tea will be ready presently, and ask him to come and have some with us. He never comes unless he is reminded. I really believe he gets more unsociable every day! I think he went into the study, dear. I hope Jane has made up a good fire for him and lighted his lamp!"

Avis hopes devoutly that Jane has done neither. Without any additional light, Thane's keen eyes will find out easily enough that she has been crying.

The Doctor is not in the study, or in the dining-room, or in his consulting-room. Avis is about to give up the search when she hears his firm footsteps pacing to and fro overhead, and she runs up-stairs and begins to play a tune on his room door. It is some minutes before Thane opens it.

"What do you want?" he demands rather irritably.

"You!" she returns, gaily. "I've been looking for you everywhere! Now you needn't glare at me like that; I'm not going down without you—so come along."

"I thought Bob was here," he says, as Avis puts her hand on his arm, and they go down stairs together.

"So he was; but he went away about an hour ago. There's a glorious fire in the study. Shall we go in there for a little while? It looks so cosy—and I want to talk to you. Do you know, it makes me feel so old and grown-up, going down stairs with you in this sedate fashion?" she says, looking up at him. "Do you remember how you used to swing me down the whole way with just one arm around me, when I was a girl?"

"When you were a girl?" he echoes, smiling. "What are you now, pray?"

He feels very old himself, as he sinks into his chair, and watches Avis warming her hands at the fire, with her face turned away from him.

"Go and sit down, Avis," he said quietly. "You said you wanted to talk to me."

"You're not very friendly," she says, in an aggrieved tone, obeying him at once, as she always does. "I wish I'd only told Mrs. Ross instead; she would have been far nicer."

"I don't doubt it. I suppose it is about the hasty wedding and the departure for India, isn't it? Bob has told me all about it, you see. But I'm glad you came to me, child. Mrs. Ross and you will have plenty to say to each other soon with all your dresses and finery to talk about."

"No, we sha'n't," she says shortly, "because I'm not going!"

"You surely are not selfish enough to wish Bob to throw up a good offer because you don't like the idea of going out?" he says, steadying his voice by a strong effort. "I think it is your duty to go, Avis. He may not be back in England for several years; and I don't like long engagements."

"Neither do I; that's just what I told him." She has gone back to her old place on the rug, and she looks up now with a soft laugh. "Oh, you goose! Look at that! Can't you see? Well, then—feel!"—and she leans forward and draws her ringless hand across his cheek.

The flames flicker no longer in the grate, and Avis cannot see Thane's face. He neither speaks nor moves; and she she proceeds to explain further.

"Oh, we had a dreadful scene! Prayers and threats were alike of no avail, as the books say. I cried, and Bob lost his temper.

"I knew you would be vexed, Thane, but I didn't think you would be so cross," she says rather tremulously. "Don't be angry when I am so pleased! Oh, it was worth while getting engaged if only for the bliss of being free again! And it's of no use pretending that you wanted to get rid of me, because you didn't. I sha'n't believe it if you tell me so! I wish there was nobody in all the world but you and me!"

"My darling!"

The words were only whispered, breaking from Thane in spite of himself; but Avis hears them, and they alter her whole life. When Thane turns round, he sees that her face is quite white, her head is drooping on her breast, and one hand is held out in a groping, uncertain way. He takes it in his.

"What is it Avis?"

"I—I think I am dying!"

And, indeed, the strong emotion that sweeps over her, added to what she has undergone in the afternoon, is almost too much for her, and she turns faint for the first time in her life. But the next moment the blood rushes back to her heart, for Thane's strong arms had caught her to him, and the color comes into her cheeks beneath his passionate kisses.

"Are you better now, my precious one?" he asks presently; and Avis whispers, "Yes."

A feeling of great thankfulness and peace steals over her as she rests her head against his broad shoulder and holds one of his hands in both hers, as if she never meant to let it go.

Oh, how blind she has been! She does not understand it all yet; but one thing is clear to her—she is his darling—she need never go away from him now. She listens almost dreamily while Thane tries to tell her a little of what he went through last night, when the shock of hearing that she was going to leave him showed him how dear she was to him.

"Did you begin to—to care only then?" she asks shyly. "I think I began long before you did, though I didn't know it."

Then she too has a confession to make about the day when she found Jeanie's letters; but a moment afterwards, when she sees the look that comes over his face—a look of grief and shame—she wishes she had never mentioned it.

"Oh, Thane, I'm sorry I said anything about it!" she says pitifully. "Does it hurt so much as that? Don't tell me about it—I don't want to hear; and I don't mind not having been the first—at least, not much!"

Thane draws her down beside him on the sofa and makes her listen.

"Do you know who Jeanie was, dear?" he says gravely. "I must tell you all about her some day; but a very few words will suffice now. She was my little sister, Avis—my only sister. She was the youngest of us all, and we boys were very fond and proud of her; but I was her favorite brother, and at that time I think she was the only person I really loved in the world."

"I never knew you had a sister, Thane. Why did I never hear about her?"

"Listen, dear! Just after she left school, she went on a visit to one of her girl-friends, and there she met a handsome scoundrel of a man who soon made her care for him. He was a married man, but—but my poor little sister ran away with him—she was only seventeen, Avis. No one knows what the trouble was except your father; I think I should have gone mad but for him! Jennie would not come back, though I did everything I could to induce her; and soon after we lost sight of her. She died in less than a year; and it was your father who found her. He and your mother were on their honeymoon, and they found her dying in a village in Italy. I arrived there too late. She died in your mother's arms, with your father holding her hand. It was such a consolation to all of us, for Jennie had always been fond of John; he was like one of her own brothers, and your mother was one of the sweetest women that ever lived. Those letters you found were what Jeanie wrote to me during the last year she was at school."

For a few minutes after this neither of them speaks. Avis longs to comfort Thane, but cannot think of anything to say; so she only nestles closer to him and lets him stroke her cheek in silence.

"I'm so glad to hear of something nice that father did!" she says, after a while. "I try not to think unkindly of him; but why did he never trouble himself about me all those years?"

"He was never the same man after he lost your mother, Avis; and I dare say he felt that you would be safer at school than roaming all over the world with him. If I had known, I should have come and carried you off sooner; but till his death I was not even aware that there was such a little girl."

"And now you are going to marry her!" Avis says softly.

In spite of his great happiness, her words send a pang through his heart, and a look of deep anxiety comes into his face.

"My little Avis," he says remorsefully, "I wonder if I am doing wrong? Am I taking advantage of your goodness? I am much too old for you, my child. Perhaps I ought to give you up; and yet how could I bear to lose you now? Are you quite sure you love me, my own? Are you really willing to give up a young and handsome lover to be an old man's darling?"

Her heart thrills at the words. Why, that was what Betsy had called her! Some day she will tell him about it, but not now; it might hurt him. At present her one thought is how to drive the shadow from his face—how best to convince him that she quite, quite sure.

"Thane," she says earnestly, putting her arms around his neck, "you never doubted me before; why should you do so now? And don't call yourself an old man; you're not old at all! And, if you were a hundred, it would make no difference—how could it? Promise me not to worry about—about my being so young. What does it matter—oh, what does anything matter—now that I am your darling and—and you are mine?"

THAT which especially distinguishes a high order of man from a low order of man, that which constitutes both human goodness and greatness, is surely not the degree of intelligence with which men pursue their own advantages; but it is disregard of personal pleasure, indulgence, gain, present or remote, because some other line of conduct is more directly right.

Scientific and Useful.

TELEGRAPH POLES.—Telegraph poles in Switzerland are preserved from rapid decay by being charged with a creosote compound pressed by gravity into one end of the wood.

OIL ON TROUBLED WATERS.—An "oil bomb" for calming waves, which can be fired a short distance, has recently been invented. The bombs are perforated with small holes, thus allowing the oil to run out in about an hour.

ACETYLINE GAS.—Acetyline gas is being used to light up the cars of one Paris street car line, being generated in little tanks carried on the platform. A month's trial has shown that the gas is cheaper than either kerosene or electricity as an illuminant.

GLASS FLOORS.—A new warehouse in Paris has been built with glass floors. The initial cost has been considerably over that of the ordinary floor, but in view of the fact that toughened glass is so much longer lived than wood, the experiment is likely to prove cheaper in the long run.

SAWDUST.—Sawdust is turned into transportable fuel in Germany by a very simple process. It is heated under high steam pressure until the resinous ingredients become sticky, when it is pressed into bricks. One man with a two-horse power machine can turn out 9,000 bricks a day.

VENEERING.—A new kind of veneering material is reported from Germany. This is composed principally of infusorial earth mixed with various binding and coloring ingredients, and spread in layers over a wooden case; on the mass becoming dry it is cut into sheets or blocks which resemble in effect that of figured wood.

MARBLE.—An artificial marble, which can be applied to walls and furniture while in a soft or plastic condition, has been brought out. The "marble" is delicately veined, like the natural varieties, while being hard and durable. The fact that it can be applied like stucco permits of its fitting easily to its place and being as easily repaired when broken.

Farm and Garden.

POULTRY.—Damp poultry houses may be made dry by placing lumps of stone lime in the corners of the house. The lime will absorb the moisture and also assist in warding off disease.

EGGS.—One of the simplest way to preserve eggs is the following: Apply to them with a brush a solution of gum-arabic, or immerse them in it. Let them dry, and afterwards pack them in powdered charcoal.

FOOT ROT.—Foot rot in sheep has deterred many farmers from keeping large flocks. It may always be traced to damp ground. Where hillsides are given over to sheep foot rot seldom appears. Lack of shelter is also a source of disease, for when a sheep takes cold it seems to recover very slowly.

SOIL.—When the land is plowed to a great depth the air, moisture and warmth enters and the crop is advanced more rapidly than when only the surface soil is loosened. With good draining to carry off the moisture in excess the soil not only absorbs warmth, but retains it. With too much moisture there is constant evaporation, which causes a loss of warmth.

SCHOOLS.—We hope to see the boy who is to be a farmer go to an agricultural school and fit himself for that business, the same as the boy who is to be a doctor goes to a school of medicine. And we believe that farmers would better devote their energies to securing laws that will help make agriculture profitable than to try to make this change in public school methods.

HORSES.—Upon the fitting of the collar depends much of the work done by the horse. While a collar may not cause sores, yet it may be very comfortable. The collar, and also the harness, should be made to fit the horse perfectly and whenever the day's work is done the animal should be thoroughly examined in order to discover any ill effects from the use of the collar.

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Tact, Talent and Genius.

"Clever fellow!" shouts the world applaudingly, when it hears of some well-executed enterprise, some fortunate speculation, some great and successful achievement. The wiseacres who stood aloof when the daring adventurer unfolded his scheme, and asked their aid to start him on his perilous way, who shook their sapient heads in silent condemnation of his rashness, and prophesied utter failure, now the danger is surmounted and the battle over, eagerly start forward to congratulate him upon his good fortune, and share his honors. We all bow down before success, and are hard upon failure; it is human nature, we suppose; why then condemn the universal sentiment?

What every body says must needs be right. Perhaps, however, it may not be unprofitable to go somewhat more deeply into the matter, to trace back the groundwork which the master mind has passed, to look for the past cause of the present effect, and see if we cannot gain some clue to guidance in the future.

When a man stands prominently forward in his generation, the fact may be ascribed to his possessing certain moral or mental qualifications in a higher degree than his fellows. He is either a man of tact, a man of talent, or a man of genius.

We will endeavor to illustrate our last position first, as the case occurring most rarely, and that which demands the union of attributes least frequently met with. There have not been so many men of genius in the history of the world as to render it a difficult task to select a few from their number; and it is better, for obvious reasons, to choose our examples from those who have passed away, than to make an invidious selection from among the living.

Posterity usually forms a more correct judgment of a man's character than his contemporaries are able to do. It has all his words and works, from his cradle to his grave, spread out before its gaze, and can hold the balance with impartial hand, without fear of love or hatred causing either scale to kick the beam.

In order to clear as we go, let us first come to a right understanding as to what constitutes genius. We take the word to mean that inborn and creative faculty, the possession of which stamps its owner as a man of original and comprehensive conception or design. Thus gifted were Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Goethe.

We have taken examples of genius from the literary world; let us now briefly glance at a few of those in other branches of intelligence, whose names have come down to us encircled with the halo of superior intellect. Galileo, sure of the correctness of his theory that the earth moves round the sun, though persecuted by the savage bigots of his day for holding so heretical an opinion, softly whispered to himself, "It does move, for all that!"

Caxton, the father of English printing, whose enterprise, foresight, and industry who introduced into England, some three centuries and a half ago, that deathless art before whose coming Ignorance, with her attendant demons, bigotry and oppression, flees away in dismay at the light of publicity and common sense throw upon their evil deeds.

Columbus, undaunted by the rejection of his repeated offers to discover a hemisphere of whose existence he was convinced, although his eyes had not yet rested upon it; calm amidst the furious mutiny of his sailors, pointing to the driftwood and land-birds which revealed the vicinity of a continent; Newton, soberly reasoning out the existence of natural laws undreamt of before his time, and mathematicallly demonstrating that our earth, whose small transactions we regard as of such paramount importance, is but a single atom in the magnificent system of millions of worlds; George Stephenson, calmly working on at the improvement of the steam engine, and by his preparation of the locomotive for its present perfection, pioneering the way for the prosperity and commerce which have been the growth of the past sixty years—these are all men whose memories will never die.

Persecuted, rebuffed, scorned, and ridiculed by turns, Genius ever has pursued, and still pursues the even tenor of her way, laboring for the benefit of humanity at large. The divine spirit is within her, and forth it must come to the light of day; so on she toils untiringly, through evil report and good report, sure of ultimate recognition, certain of honor in death if not in life.

As genius has been defined as the creative and originating faculty, so may talent be briefly described as consisting of superior powers of execution. A man of genius is from that very fact a person of talent—great in conception, facile in working out his ideas; but the converse of the proposition does not by any means hold good. Talent is not, like genius, necessarily inborn; to a large extent it may be acquired. Education and experience, based upon observation and practice, may confer abilities even more valuable than any amount of natural talent.

There is much danger also to the possessor in knowing himself to be gifted with considerable talent. He is apt to rely too exclusively upon its aid, to neglect to study and observe, and runs the danger of finding himself in a similar position to the hare in the fable which raced with the tortoise, and which, while sleeping, was hopelessly distanced by its competitor. Talent, without industry and perseverance at its back, is of little worth. Moderate ability is more reliable, and less likely to lead its owner astray.

Tact—the third and last division of our subject—is an entirely distinct quality from either of those upon which we have dwelt. Between genius and talent, however superior the one is to the other, a certain degree of affinity yet exists.

Tact is altogether another matter. It consists in a knowledge when to say the right word and do the right thing at the right time and place. To use a phrase rife a short time ago, it implies the square peg in the square hole, and the round peg in the round one. A man of tact is never taken aback or unaware; rarely commits an error; seldom lets slip an opportunity.

In small matters as well as great, the possession of the quality is indispensable. Not so rare perhaps as genius, certainly less frequently to be met with than talent, we are by no means sure that tact is not the most useful quality of all three. Sometimes inborn, sometimes acquired solely by experience, oftener partly natural and partly acquired, it is difficult to over-rate the practical value of the qualification.

Although invisible, its effects are yet constantly perceptible; and as the possession of genius or of talent is not given unto all, we can wish nothing better to those now entering upon life than that, in addition to other good things, they may acquire the invaluable reputation of being persons of excellent tact.

THE truest criterion of a man's character and conduct is invariably to be found in the opinion of his own family circle, who, having daily and hourly opportunities of forming a judgment of him, will not fail in doing so. It is a far higher testimony in his favor, for him to secure the esteem and love of a few individuals, within the privacy of his own home, than the good opinion of hundreds in his immediate neighborhood, or that of ten times the number residing at a distance. In fact, next to a close and impartial self-scrutiny, no question comes so near the truth as for a man to ask himself—"What is thought of me by the familiar circle of my own fireside?" Would that all remembered this!

CONFERRERS of favors are themselves often responsible for the lack of gratitude which they so sorely lament. They forget that the chief value of what they bestow lies not in the thing itself so much as in the spirit of kindness and goodwill which prompted it, and that it is that which draws forth gratitude in return. Gratitude, like affection, cannot be demanded or enforced; it withers under compulsion, but blossoms forth under the warm sunshine of a kindly nature. If that does not accompany the gifts or the favor, let not the donor fancy that he is entitled to gratitude, or feel defrauded if he receive it not.

GOOD temper is in itself a very valuable quality. It promotes success by leaving the mind free to do its work without disturbance, it disarms opposition, and it wins friends and supporters. The influence of the good-tempered man is contagious. An office or workshop, if dominated by a man of good temper, will be cheerful; the men work together and help each other, and their product is made greater by their willingness to work.

IF the young business men of the present day were only a little thoughtful of the advantages they would derive from cultivating the talent of time, the talent of mental capability, the talent of influence, they would double their gains of every kind—physical, mental, and moral—and find the only true happiness that is to be found in business.

WHETHER any particular day shall bring to you more of happiness or suffering is largely beyond your power to determine. Whether each day of your life shall give happiness or suffering rests with yourself.

TRUST is often better as an incentive to excellence than rewards or promotion or praise, though all these will be judiciously used by the wise and sensible employer.

A MAN who covers himself with costly apparel and neglects his mind, is like one who illuminates the outside of his house and sits within in the dark.

JEALOUSY forbids all outflows of affection or generosity into any other channels than its own, thus inflicting untold injury to all concerned.

KINDNESS draws out the better part of our nature, disarming resistance, dissipating angry passion, and melting the hardest heart.

BENEFIT your friends, that they may love you still more dearly; benefit your enemies, that they may become your friends.

HE that does a base thing in zeal to serve his friend, burns the golden thread that ties their hearts together.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

BERT.—Cut flowers will keep very fresh if a small pinch of nitrate of potash or saltpetre is put in the jar in which they stand. The ends of the stems should be cut every day to keep open the absorbing pores.

W. C. H.—The "Martyrs' Monument" in the north-east corner of Trinity Churchyard, New York, was erected by the Trinity Corporation in memory of the American patriots who died in British prisons in that city during the Revolutionary War.

C. B. B.—Parrots eat but little, of necessity, though they will eat to gorging if fed with various luxuries. Stale bread crumbs, soaked in water, rice, crushed corn, and a little hempseed may be allowed as a general food, and occasionally dry biscuit crumbs, and a bit of apple.

G. S. E.—The Anglo-Saxons were the Teutonic people who in the fifth and sixth centuries passed over from the territory in and near the Cimbric (Danish) Peninsula to the Island of Britain, then just abandoned by the Romans. They were principally collected from three nations, Saxons, Angles and Jutes, and the progress of the Saxons after their union under Egbert belongs to the history of England, to which we refer you.

C. S. W.—The tobacco to which you refer, after being cut up, is made into flat cakes, which are moistened with treacle and powerfully compressed. The cakes are about five inches long and one and a half inches wide, and when closely packed in the strong oak boxes in which they are sent to market they form a compact mass, from which it requires considerable force to tear out the cakes. This is called plug or Cavendish tobacco, and only experienced persons can prepare it.

MAY.—It is seven hundred miles long and more than a hundred broad. There are twenty millions of acres of wild lands in Cuba—more than half of it virgin forest. Mahogany, rosewood and ebony abound. Heavy taxation is the reason for the slow advancement of Cuba, together with the fact that sugar is being made so abundantly from beets and watermelons in other parts of the world as to prevent the Cuban sugar-cane farms from being nearly so profitable as formerly.

N. L. B.—A real friend is one who will tell you of your faults and follies in prosperity, and assist you with his hand and heart in adversity; one who will defend your name from cowardly attacks and never believe aught against you until you have proved yourself unworthy of his esteem. The man of whom you speak has none of these attributes, and therefore should not be looked upon as anything more than a passing acquaintance of very diminutive calibre. One who is willing to listen to the voice of gossip is not worthy to be accounted a friend in any sense of the word.

L. D. R.—The Bastile, the state prison and citadel of Paris, was begun in 1639 by Charles V., enlarged in succeeding reigns, and destroyed by the people in 1789. After the death of Louis XIV. it became a common jail. The imprisonment of the king's librarian nominally at the king's order brought to light the inhuman treatment to which prisoners were subjected, and put a stop to the whole system of iniquity which prevailed there. The librarian (Biatzet) was delivered, but the king's minister (De Brotouil) was not punished. Hence the uprising of the people, as stated, and the destruction of the Bastile on July 14, 1789.

I. G. R.—In the way of inheritance the Mohammedan woman is well protected by the law. On the death of her husband she inherits his property in common with her brother, in a proportion determined by law according to the number of children, whilst as a wife she has absolute and undisputed control of any money that was hers before marriage, or of that which may subsequently come to her. This, of course, only applies to a "free woman;" the lot of the slave is harder, but it is said that it is "preferable in many respects to that of the majority of free domestic drudges in the West, while their prospects are infinitely better."

READER.—1. According to experiments with the dynamometer, a man is precisely at his weakest when he turns out of bed. Our muscular force is greatly increased by breakfast, but it attains to its highest point after the mid-day meal. It then sinks for a few hours, rises again towards evening, but steadily declines from night to morning. The chief foes of muscular force are overwork and illness. Many of the great workers of the world, though not all, have been early risers. But early rising ought always to be supplemented by early breakfasting. 2. Full grown giraffes are sixteen or seventeen feet high. In menageries they are fed on grain, Indian corn carrots and hay.

P. B. S.—In silvering looking-glasses a large, perfectly flat stone-table is provided, upon which a sheet of tin-foil, without crack or flaw, is evenly spread. This is covered uniformly to the depth of one-eight of an inch with clear mercury. The plate of glass, perfectly cleansed from all grease and impurity, is floated carefully on the mercury, so as to exclude all air-bubbles. It is then pressed down by loading it with weights, in order to squeeze out all the mercury which remains in a fluid state, this surplus being received in a gutter around the stone. After remaining in this position for about twenty-four hours, it is raised gently upon its edge, and in a few weeks is ready to frame. It is said to be desirable to have the lower end of the glass from which the mercury was drained at the bottom of the frame, as the surface is generally roughened a little at that part.

THREE VIEWS OF LIFE.

BY L. P. D.

The boy hails with delight each new born year;
It brings the bourne he longs for yet more near.
The future holds for him no dearer fate
Than that awaiting him in man's estate.

But manhood's dawn will see new dreams arise,
Ambition too will wear another guise.
He still thinks of the coming days, but knows
From good to-day, to-morrow's better flows.

The patriarch—the aged, so near the verge
Where time into its close must ere long merge—
To him the truth has been revealed at last
While sadly looking backward o'er the past.

He understands, and in his 'wakened thought,
All dreams of earthly glory are as naught;
But then, his day is past, and swift comes night—
Alas! too near the end has come the light.

In the Studio.

BY W. W. E.

LET us glance at her first as she stands working at the picture on the easel beside a draped lay figure. A woman somewhat on the wrong side of thirty, yet one of those whose beauty evidently until this age had not reached its full maturity. You could see she had as a girl been somewhat too angular and spare to have done more than promise perfection.

But now that promise was amply, sumptuously fulfilled. The figure, not losing one jot of its slim, lithe grace and fair proportion, had become rounded and finished; the face followed suit, whilst a certain serious earnestness of expression gave it an intelligence most likely wanting in youth.

A clear olive complexion, dark brown eyes with wavy hair of similar hue growing low over the broad, intellectual forehead, and worn in unaffected simplicity of style; features sufficiently regular for all save the hypercritical; a small head beautifully set upon the shoulders—these were the points which first struck you when cataloguing the personal attractions of Madeline Marr.

When you came to talk to her, a little closer observation would have disclosed an action of the mouth detracting a trifle from the pleasure of the whole effect. The teeth, though pearly white and even, were too prominent, adding something that now and then looked like cruelty to the lower part of the face. Still the voice was soft, sweet and low; perfect in articulation and wonderfully winning.

As a matter of taste, remembering that it is not yet nine o'clock in the morning, objection perhaps would be taken to the conspicuous diamond star worn in the hair, and to the quantity of rings on the taper fingers; otherwise the whole costume is unexceptionable and highly becoming.

Altogether, the lady presents a most fascinating picture; largely calculated to divert attention from that at which she labors—excellent and attractive though this appears to be—and as one has a right to expect it to be.

For had not Madeline Marr dawned upon the artistic world as a professor, an instructress in the noble art of painting? And has she not set up this commodious and elaborate studio at the rear of a small house in St. John's Wood that it may become the leading private school for all ladies desiring to perfect themselves for the profession?

Everybody who knows anything about it, admits that if she can only teach as well as she can paint, she is fully qualified for the post she now assumes, though nobody quite knows where or how she has acquired her proficiency.

Nobody indeed appears quite to know who she is or where she came from (she herself speaks vaguely of Rome and Paris), but then in London, and especially in a neighborhood teeming with art and artists, people do not stop to inquire too curiously into antecedents.

Given a fair amount of talent, one or two introductions to good houses, agreeable manners, a prepossessing personality, and easy means, and nowadays a career is immediately opened for the aspirant to success.

And success seemed to have attended Miss Madeline Marr's attempt to establish herself; for although she had only occupied the house and studio for a few months, it had already acquired a fashionable reputation. Her classes were thronged, and she had constant applications from fresh pupils.

As the clock on the bracket above the stove struck nine on this particular morning, the lady looked up at it, and with a gesture of satisfaction said to herself: "Thank goodness—another hour before these tiresome girls will interrupt me."

But ere she had done congratulating herself, the gate-bell rang, and she had not cleared the frown from her brow which the sound occasioned, when her neat little maid entered with a card, saying: "A gentleman, ma'am, particularly wishes to see you; he will not keep you five minutes."

Madeline read the name aloud as she glanced at the card—"Mr. Fielding Halford, King Edward's Road, N.W." Then she said: "Ah, I remember, he asked if he might call early some morning. A tall, white-haired man with a heavy white moustache?" she inquired of the maid.

"Yes, ma'am; a very handsome gentleman with gray hair and blue eyes, as you say, ma'am, and a smooth face except on his lip."

"Yes," pondered Madeline, "that is he. Well, it's very annoying to be interrupted, but I must not refuse to see him—it may lead to business—he knows everybody, they say, though I never met him till the other night. Ask him in, Mary," and as the maid left the studio Madeline resumed her work.

"Too bad, really, to disturb you such a bright morning, but you see I'm a very irregular fellow. I hope you will forgive me, Miss Marr, I want you to do me a favor."

This was the salutation of the gentleman as he strode in and shook hands with her as if they were old friends. Then, with the utmost nonchalance he threw himself into the arm-chair she offered.

He bore out the maid's description to the letter, and as he sat lounging in the easiest of attitudes, his black velvet jacket contrasting admirably with the tone of his complexion and hair, he looked eminently picturesque—as artistic in aspect as he was known to be in mind and character.

And Fielding Halford's character was as familiar as a household word in certain circles of the world of art; a man who shone in many brilliant lights. As a painter of all sorts of subjects, in oil or water, with the etching needle, or pencil, he was accomplished in most phases; and if never absolutely excelling in any, it was merely on account of his vast versatility.

"I work as the fancy takes me," he would say, "and wherever it takes me. Happy-go-lucky is my motto, for I am always happy, and generally lucky."

And if great popularity, hosts of friends, fine health, good looks, freedom from family cares and ties, can contribute to such an end, he was justified in his statement.

"I hadn't the chance of saying much to you, Miss Marr," he presently began, "the other night—not half I wanted; for I have a good deal to say. What a lovely star that is in your hair."

"It was hardly to say that, Mr. Halford, I suppose, that you called," she broke in rather impatiently.

"No, no—not exactly—but I can't help admiring lovely things. The fact is——"

Pausing for a moment he looked very searchingly at her, and leaning forward, continued, "I want you to do me a favor. You have plenty of use for models, no doubt. I want you to employ two young protegés of mine—a very beautiful young girl and boy. They are first-rate sitters, and would be capital for some of your classes."

"I shall be very happy to look at them," she answered coldly, "and by-and-by perhaps, but just at present my engagements are made."

"Oh, quite so. But when you can you will give them a turn, won't you? You see, they are of gentle birth, and have fallen with their mother into great distress, and she is an invalid—a widow whose husband was a scamp and went to the dogs—in short—it is—it's a very sad case. I should like to tell you the story."

"I am afraid I can't listen to it now, Mr. Halford," said Madeline, abruptly, glancing at the clock. "I am expecting some pupils directly."

She rose and walked to her painting-table. He also rose, saying:

"Yes, well—I understand—it's a very awkward time perhaps, and I ought to apologise. But I may tell the young pair to call and show themselves, may I not?"

"Certainly," she answered, turning towards him. "And if I find them suitable——"

"Precisely. Thank you very much." Then quite suddenly he added, looking straight into her eyes, "Their name is Hetherege, so you'll know it when you hear it. Good bye now; I'll take the liberty of calling again soon, if you will allow me. What beautiful pearls those are on your lay figure here, and that diamond cross on the breast. It seems a very valuable brooch."

He was looking at the effigy of a woman in evening dress, and which was adorned on the head, arms, and hands with other appropriate and magnificent specimens of the jeweler's art.

"You are painting from these, I presume," continued Halford after a moment, "Are they your own, may I ask? Please excuse me, but I am a great admirer of precious stones. These are most lovely."

"Yes, they are all my own, I am happy to say," answered Miss Marr, evidently a little conciliated. "I, too am very fond of jewelry. There is nothing I love so much as painting it, except wearing it."

"You are a very fortunate person—those pearls are priceless—I think you had them on the other night, if I am not mistaken. I noticed them at the time. Presents, of course?" added Halford, turning to her again, and then again to the lay figure.

"Yes," she said slowly, "nearly all have been given to me from time to time. People soon learn my weakness, and are very kind."

"No wonder," he said; "who would not be kind to you—who could afford it. I mean in this way. I am sure there is no one who could display such gems to greater advantage. Ah, it makes me envious of wealth. Dear me, I only wish I were rich—but no matter."

She smiled graciously now as she said:

"Ah, yes, there is nothing to be done in this world without money. I am horribly mercenary. I mean to make all the money I can while I am young. I shall hoard and save every penny and spend it in jewels, so that when I am old I may at least enjoy looking at them—it's quite delightful to find a man sympathic on this point; very few care for jewelry, I fancy."

"Indeed, I would back my love for it against yours. I daresay you have a fine collection, from what you say."

"I don't know about that, but I have a few more pretty things. I should like to show them to you if you really care to see them—but I'm afraid I haven't time now; it's nearly ten o'clock."

"No, no, I must be off. I must not trespass longer. I'll call some afternoon. But stay," he added, "aren't you afraid of being robbed. You don't keep all these precious things here, do you? St. John's Wood is a terrible place for burglaries, and if it got abroad that you kept all these valuable——"

"Ah! I take good precautions, be sure. See here!" and she walked to a corner of the studio, and, with boastful ingenuity of a vain woman, pointed to the door of a small iron safe let into the wall and cunningly concealed by drapery. "That is my bank. I am constantly wanting the jewels to paint from, and to wear, and I am obliged to keep them handy."

"To be sure," said Halford, "that makes it all right. Still it does seem a little risky—but farewell. A thousand apologies. I will send the young Hetherege over, and call again to hear their fate." And he was gone.

* * * * * *

Once out in the warm May sunshine, Fielding Halford gave vent aloud to some strong exclamations. There were but few passers-by to hear him as he swung along the St. John's Wood Road toward the Regent's Park, but it will suit us if we listen for a moment to his exclamations and cogitations.

"Confound the woman; how handsome she is! Much altered for the better though, in looks, but I suspect in nothing else. There's no doubt about her; I could swear to her anywhere now, in spite of her new name. I thought I wasn't mistaken from the glimpse I caught the other night.

"Besides, she positively started when I sprang the name of Hetherege upon her. But stop, let me note down some of her spoils before I *forget*," and arresting his walk suddenly, Halford took a book from his pocket and began to write. Murmuring to himself as he did so, he finished with the words, "Recognised ruby heart with diamond pendant, many rings quite familiar, and I shan't forget those pearls."

As he shut the book and continued his walk he exclaimed:

"Oh, woman, woman, thy name is vanity; and this won't be the first time the sin has been your undoing! She hasn't recognised me in the least! It's nearly fifteen years though since we met that once, and besides, I have altered out of all knowledge.

"Hardly anyone would discover in this gray haired, smooth-faced old gentleman, the brown-bearded gauche young stripling of those days. This comes of knocking about the world; but I don't mind," and he pulled himself upright with a very self satisfied air, as if to say, "Why should I?"

A most distinguished looking man was Fielding Halford, and now, at any rate, not likely to be forgotten, as the glances of many a pair of bright eyes testified.

Not many days elapsed ere Miss Marr received another visit from him, and then another and another in quick succession. Thus it appeared they were fast becoming great friends. By degrees confidences were exchanged.

The conversation became varied; but somehow it always drifted back to jewelry. The whole of the lady's board was displayed, exciting the gentleman's keenest admiration. She was inclined to be better friends with him on this topic than that of his young models. She made it plain to him they did not suit her.

They had a too homely, rustic look about them, she said; her pupils wanted more refined sitters; their taste and hers led them to study by preference the pictorial side of everyday good society.

When at length Fielding Halford appealed to her charity in the matter, she, vulgarly speaking, shut up, and declared she couldn't debase art by making it a philanthropic institution. She refused also to listen to their story. She would never have a moment's peace if she attended to every tale of distress.

Would she then kindly contribute to the little fund he was endeavoring to get up for their benefit? No, she made it a rule never to do that sort of thing—that was for people who hadn't to earn their own living.

In a word, the gentleman found her tone so unpleasant on this point, that he had the wit soon to drop it, and thenceforth spoke of nothing but pictures and painting, the ethics of art, poetry, music the little tattle of society, and, above all, precious gems. He also looked at, and flatteringly criticised her work, and paid her a host of compliments in the off-hand, airy manner which distinguished him.

One day he told her he was soon going to South America as special artist for an illustrated newspaper.

"I have traveled all over the globe," he said, "in this capacity. It suits me better than any other, and so now I'm off again."

When he bade Miss Marr "good-bye," she expressed a wish to hear of his welfare, and he had promised "to spin her a yarn" from the wilds of the South Seas, if she would really like a letter.

"Heaven knows," he added, "how long I shall be away—possibly for years—one never knows"—and these were his last words. Meanwhile the London season had drawn to a close. Very few people were left in town. St. John's Wood became a wilderness. Miss Madeline Marr's season for her classes ended, and she also had left London.

* * * * * *

Now had the lady of the studio chanced to remain in town till the end of August, and had she chanced to have been abroad in her own neighborhood one evening early in September, she might have accidentally met a person very much resembling Fielding Halford. He was leisurely strolling with a cigar, down the narrow little lane which skirted the garden at the back of her house.

The day had been hot and sultry, and the evening was no less so. Not a breath of air stirred the already "sere and yellow leaves" of the trees in the suburban pleasances.

A heavy mist had risen from the low land about Maidr Vale, and by nine o'clock was spreading itself, in conjunction with smoke, over the whole district. Thick and clammy became the atmosphere.

The shades of evening lent their aid in making up the general obscurity. The gas lamps, fewer and farther between in the less frequented parts of St. John's Wood, flickered dimly, and did little more than make the darkness visible.

Few people were abroad, and not a soul immediately near Miss Marr's residence—except that one figure so much resembling Mr. Fielding Halford—and, the humble chronicler of this romance.

Indeed, as it was, I scarcely recognised him, and could not even now swear that it was the man, after all. There is, however, every reason to suppose nobody did notice him but myself, and it is difficult even for me to do more than surmise, by the

light of subsequent events, that he was there.

What became of him, where or how he disappeared after turning down the aforesaid narrow lane, it is beyond my power to tell. In fact, his presence at all on the spot might be disputed, inasmuch as his most intimate friends believed he had sailed for South America ten days before. Be this as it may, no direct news came to hand from him for months afterwards, save through the consignments of tropical drawings for his newspaper, bearing certain South American postmarks.

Nor was it extraordinary that they were unaccompanied by more than a few lines of writing to the editor, signed with his initials. He held a roving commission, to go whithersoever he pleased in the southern seas, and to forward such graphic records from time to time as the conditions allowed; he was a special artist, not a correspondent.

Hence I can assert that from the day he took leave of Madeline Marr, Fielding Halford utterly disappeared from the public eye and ken—disappeared as entirely as it is possible for a man to do in these days of facile communication between the ends of the earth.

* * * * * *

On the outskirts of Kentish Town, in two rooms little better than garrets, meanly and poorly furnished, dwelt the mother and her two children—the proteges, as he called them, of our kindly Bohemian.

The hint he gave us in his conversation with Miss Marr of their miserable condition was well warranted by appearances. The means by which the boy and girl strove to add to their scanty resources have also been suggested by Halford's words.

Through him the young Hetheregos had managed to get a few sittings as artists' models, but at the best their own efforts and his were doing little more than keeping them out of the workhouse. And now that the painters had nearly all gone out of town, things had come to their worst. When they do, however, it is said they mend, and happily the present case was no exception to the rule.

A very few days after that hot and sultry evening which had shrouded St. John's Wood in an autumnal mist, a rather unusual thing happened—the post brought Mrs. Hetherege a letter. And more unusual still, a letter containing money—no less than a crisp £10 Bank of England note.

The direction on the envelope was in an obviously feigned hand, as were also the words written on the sheet of note paper encompassing the precious article, "From a friend."

Thus the recipient was left in the dark as to who could be the sender, for not another scratch of the pen could be found, and the postmark was too blurred for even the date to be deciphered. Astonishment, gratification, gratitude, intense bewilderment, endless speculations — all these emotions were expressed rapidly, incoherently, by the trio, as they sat over the meagrest of meals ever honored by the name of dinner.

"It must be dear, good Mr. Halford," timidly exclaimed the girl.

"Oh! no, my dear child," said the mother. "Mr. Halford would not go such a roundabout way to do me this service, he is too frank and open; besides, it is too large a sum. He could not afford to make us such a present; for though he is said to earn a good deal of money, he seldom has any; he is far too careless about it, and when he has helped us before, it has only been by a very little at a time."

"Well, it is not his friend, Miss Marr," broke in the boy with a sardonic chuckle. "I'll bet sixpence of that at any rate. No, I should say it's Mr. Melbury, the R. A., to whom we sat those two or three weeks in June."

"Yes," added the girl, "I agree with you, George, now I come to think of it, for he was kind and generous, and I remember he asked a great deal about you, mother, and always hoped you were better. Of course he kept our address, as all the artists do."

"Except Miss Marr," broke in the boy with another chuckle. "I saw her tear up our card without looking at it. Why, yes, there's nothing in Mr. Melbury having our address; but perhaps he has just sold the picture he was painting of us sitting on the stile watching the gipsies in the lane—it's Mr. Melbury, I'm sure."

"I don't know what to think, or who to guess—I can't think," said the mother: "my heart is too full. I hope I feel it is God's goodness to us that has done this, and then it is no matter who——"

But, bursting into tears, the poor woman could not finish her sentence, and sank back on the hard, worn, horse-hair sofa, where most of her days were spent. Weak, sorrowful, and ill as she looked, she still bore the traces of exceeding beauty, and the neatness and care bestowed upon her threadbare attire showed plainly the refinement and habits of better days.

The girl bore a strong resemblance to her mother, and seemed equally well-bred and gentle, notwithstanding the traces of household drudgery clinging to her.

"Mother—mother darling, don't give way now," she said, rising from her chair, and then kneeling down by the sofa. "Dry your eyes, dear; this kind gift will enable you to have many little comforts you need. You must look bright and happy. George and I can go and market to some purpose."

"Yes, mother, it's come just in the nick of time, and it doesn't matter twopence who sent it as long as we've got it," echoed her son, also bending over the sofa and patting the wan cheek.

Before Christmas repetitions of this scene had occurred many times, each under more and more favorable conditions; for further sums, everyone larger than the preceding, had been forwarded to Mrs. Hetherege anonymously through the post.

On one occasion a letter accompanying the gift suggested that it should be utilised in finishing the education of the two young people, and recommended the mother to remove to some quiet seaside watering-place, where this could be managed advantageously.

Finally, by the following spring, the recommendation was adopted. Mrs. Hetherege, to her intense amazement, found herself in a position to open a small banking-account.

In the course of two years, and by the time the boy and girl were growing capable of undertaking responsible work, the little family was restored to comfort, if not the luxuries of life. But how or by whom the beneficent change had been wrought remained as great a mystery to them as it was on the arrival of the first £10 note.

Yes, and a mystery it remains, for I cannot pretend to clear it up. All that seems to have any bearing on it shall now be given; but whether it will lead to any reliable conclusion it is for others to determine.

The following letter from Mr. Fielding Halford has come into my hands; but unluckily it is pretty certain that Miss Marr, to whom it is addressed, never received it; for about the time it was supposed to have reached her St. John's Wood studio she had removed, and she has not since been heard of in those circles in which she, her talents, and her diamonds, shone for a while with exceeding brilliancy. Fortune had not continued to smile upon her school of art.

She fell ill, it was said, in consequence of some great shock she had received, and which had crushed her spirit; but very little seemed known about it. I believe a paragraph alluding to it did appear in a newspaper at the time, but I missed it. She evidently desired to hush the matter up; but, whatever it was, there is little doubt that to it was due her retirement from the scene of her temporary success. It is thought she went abroad.

At any rate she vanished much as she had come, and as personally she does not appear again on the stage of this little comedy-drama, the curtain must fall on it when the following letter from Halford to Miss Marr has been read. It appears to have been written about two years after he was last seen in England, and is dated from "Maracaibo, Republic of Venezuela, South America."

"You will have thought, dear Miss Marr, that I must have forgotten my promise to send you a screed. It is not quite so—nothing but indolence, on my word, and perhaps I should not have been stirred to the effort even now, but for my recently coming across a London newspaper of antique date containing an account of the terrible loss you have sustained.

"Forgive me, however, if I say it does not surprise me. You will remember I warned you of the danger of keeping such a mass of valuable jewelry under your roof, and lo, it seems my warning was justified! Believe me, you have my sincerest sympathy. I know not what to say by way of consolation. One thing only occurs to me in that direction, and, mere coincidence though it may be, I fancy it should have the effect on a heart like yours of softening the blow which fate, in the shape of a burglar, has dealt you.

"Within little more than a week of the time when your studio was broken into, and a large quantity of your precious treasures stolen, the fortunes of those poor people the Hetheregos, in whom, you will remember, I was so deeply interested, entirely recovered. You never would let me tell you their story. It should interest you more than anything that has happened to me since we parted, so I will tell it to you straight away.

"Some years ago, we won't say how many, I was in Manchester, and there had the privilege of making the acquaintance of a great scamp named Hetherege. He was the junior partner in a large mercantile house, and the only redeeming point in his character was his love of art. He practised it, too, himself not inefficiently—in a word, he was a very skilled amateur.

"He studied diligently at a private life school—and so on, and moreover, what was still more creditable in him, bought pictures largely (bought one of me), for he had lately, at his father's death, been supposed to inherit a big fortune.

"Now amongst the students at that life school was a certain very beautiful and accomplished Miss Maynard, aged seventeen, at whom Mr. Hetherege seems to have cast what are called 'sheep's eyes,' although he was a married man with two infant children—boy or girl. He kept this fact from Miss Maynard, but she was cunning enough to find it out, although she did not tell him she had done so.

"His infatuation for her increased, and by degrees it went so far that it led him to ask her to accompany him to India, whither his business was soon to take him. But the maiden naturally would not listen to such a proposal. As a cat plays with a mouse ere devouring it, so she played with her helpless victim. She was a canny Yorkshire lass, very fond of money, and, moreover, about as heartless and unscrupulous a young person, for her years, as you may find. She utilised the strong hold she had of him to fill her purse.

"He neglected and impoverished his home by squandering large sums of money on her, and making her magnificent presents of valuable jewelry (for which she had a fantastic fondness—I have seen some of it) all in the hope of eventually inducing her to elope with him.

"Had he not been blinded by his mad and reprehensible love, doubtless he would have read her letter, and have seen that the more she got out of him, the less did she mean to fall into his views. Maddened at last by her resistance, he actually asked her to become his wife, and she, notwithstanding that she knew the illegality of such a step, finally consented—seeing by such a consent a means of further bleeding his pocket.

"Of course the engagement was kept a profound secret, and I happened to know that she even induced him to make arrangements for their marriage at a registry office at Birkenhead on the eve of his departure. How the business would have ended no one can say, had not fate, Nemesis, call it what you like, stepped in.

"A day or two before the crisis would have been reached, Hetherege was about to cross the Mersey to Birkenhead, in order to carry out their plans, when he managed to miss his footing on the gangway to a ferry-boat, and falling into the river, was incontinently drowned—then and there. Miss Maynard was not inconsolable as you will imagine.

"Within a couple of months she left Manchester, and what became of her, and the jewelry, and the wealth she had acquired in that prosperous city—I have only a shrewd suspicion. I believe later on she was seen in Paris and Rome, and, strange as it may appear, a rumor has reached me in these remote wilds that she turned up for a brief period in London in her artistic capacity—about two years since—in fact shortly before I left.

"But to go back to Manchester. Soon after the death of Hetherege by drowning, the house in which he was a partner failed disastrously, bringing ruin upon scores of people, and naturally unutterable ruin on the unfortunate widow and children of this misjudged and infatuated young man.

"However, I repeat, after much suffering and privation they have been restored to comparative prosperity, and I know no one who should feel greater satisfaction at the curious coincidental circumstance than Miss Madeline Marr!"

This letter from Fielding Halford to "the lady of the studio" then refers briefly to his enjoyment of the tropics, and the work he is doing, and finishes with the declaration that in all probability he shall end his days among the South Sea Islanders.

As far as I know he is still out there, but why he should have taken the trouble to write to Miss Marr, and what his purpose might have been in loitering close to her house that foggy autumn evening, when he was supposed to have gone abroad—well, to use his own expression, I have only "a shrewd suspicion."

For his sake I abstain from putting that suspicion into words, for of course it must always remain a question how far we are justified in doing a wrong in order that we may right a wrong.

It is to be regretted, perhaps, that the letter has fallen into my hands instead of hers, but as she has, in Post-office phraseology, "gone away; left no address," and cannot, consequently, be found, I have only hereby faithfully to promise to deliver it to her, should I ever have the pleasure of meeting her again.

HYGIENE IN PRACTICE.

THE air is a mixture. All know that it is but a compound—that is, the union of two elements one-fifth oxygen and four-fifths nitrogen. In addition, as is well known, certain differences between the nitrogen obtained from the air and that produced by other means have led to the discovery of a third gas, allied to nitrogen, to which the name "argon" has been given, meaning without work, it being of such an inert nature.

In addition to these two or three main constituents there is also always a small trace of carbonic acid gas, about four parts in 10,000.

These facts are, of course, familiar, but it is not, perhaps, generally known that the oxygen may be of different qualities. The best for respiratory purposes is a variety known as ozone.

This ozone is never found in towns, and seldom in the outskirts, never where the wind blows from the town, and only occasionally a trace when it is from the country.

It is found in the country to a variable extent, but largely everywhere on the sea coasts, and most especially where large tracts of sea weed are left exposed at low water.

The next variety is the ordinary pure oxygen, which is good enough for all practical purposes.

The third variety is an important one, though not very distinctly recognised by science, and consists of oxygen that has been frequently respired.

Besides gases, air contains liquids and solids. The liquids principally consist of water in the form of vapor.

Water vapor exists in varying quantities in all air but of the Sahara and other deserts. The most pleasant air to breathe is that which contains about three quarters of the moisture it can hold. Water vapor does not make air heavier, but lighter; clouds, as a rule, do not lie on the ground. Breathing, of course, moistens the air rapidly.

The solid impurities in air are both organic and inorganic, in the form of dust.

Among the organic dust we find bacteria of all sorts to the number of 3,000 per cubic yard in town and 300 in the country.

It is well to know that these germs, as a rule, are not so dangerous, or so active as when in water or food. We also get particles of hair, skin, wood, flax, wool, silk, starch, cotton, seeds, and street refuse.

Coal dust is a notable example of an inert dust. We are sure the general idea is that it is very injurious. This is not so.

Among dusty trades, coal miners, for instance, suffer least from respiratory disease. They reach only about three-quarters of the average male deaths, fishermen being one-half. The reason of this is that coal dust has no sharp corners, and does not cut or tear the tissues. On the contrary, it lies in the lungs until they are actually full of coal dust from end to end, and instead of being a bright pink, like the lungs of a countryman, the lungs of a miner are black, and yet he is none the worse for it.

All metal and most mineral dusts are injurious.

Tin dust is very bad, respiratory disease being six times as prevalent among tin miners as among coal miners.

Then we get iron and steel dust, and clay dust, as breathed by potters.

Dust is washed out of the air periodically by the rain, which effectually cleanses it

for the time being. This is the reason why air after a shower is so deliciously pure to breathe.

The purity of the air is, however, not merely a matter of taste; it is, as we know, of the most vital importance, and yet most difficult to secure; for, in the first place, we must always breathe the actual air that happens to surround us, not being able, as with our other food, to select the purest and best from different countries for our use; and, secondly, we who use it are ever poisoning it, so that it is always foulest where most needed to be pure.

The principal sources of impurity are respiration, combustion, marshes, stagnation, trades, towns, and the sick.

The oxygen in the air is, curiously, little altered in amount by these causes, but remains steadily at a little less than twenty-one parts in every hundred. It is, however, devitalized by being frequently respired.

The real test of the impurity of the air is always the amount of carbonic acid gas, and this because, inasmuch as within doors the principal source of impurity is respiration, the carbonic acid is taken as an index of the amount of other and more deleterious products given off with the breath. Pure carbonic acid, as given off by a lamp, is not nearly so injurious as that given off by the breath.

In this connection there is another curious thing, and that is how soon we get used to poisons. Claude Bernard found that if he put a fresh sparrow from the open into a glass globe in which a sparrow had been living and breathing five hours, although the latter, having got gradually accustomed to the vitiated atmosphere, could go on living, the former died at once.

It is far more wholesome to drink undiluted water than to breathe the air of a crowded and unventilated room, and how cleanly people can be content to do so is only explicable on the principle that what the eye does not see the heart does not grieve over.

We have said something of how the air out of doors is cleansed from dust by rain.

To this purifying agent we may add the wind, which, travelling at several miles per hour, rapidly carries off the exhausted town air to the suburbs and country, while the country breezes blow in their place; so that, theoretically at least, you are as likely to get pure air in a wide thoroughfare in town as in a suburb.

The air out of doors is, however, everywhere more or less healthy; the real danger begins indoors. The evil of towns is not primarily town air, as distinguished from country air, as is so generally supposed, but rather the greater amount of indoor life in towns as compared with the country.

The proof is that those who lead constant out-door lives in cities are strong and ruddy, while those in the country who are always confined in houses become pale and delicate.

Now we all live in houses, and even if we pass our days out of doors we have to pass our nights within. This subject is therefore one of painful interest to us all. We will, however, content ourselves with briefly emphasizing a few of the more important details that modern science has suggested in connection with ventilation.

In the first place, a fixed standard has been arrived at for the purity of indoor as distinguished from outdoor air.

A room 10 ft. x 10 ft. x 10 ft. high is the largest amount of space required for one person in health in doors. Unfortunately, very few get so much.

The real problem in ventilation is not the size of the room, but how often the air of a room can be changed without draught.

The next point, therefore, is what size of opening is required into the air in order to admit 3,000 feet per hour, which is the amount of air required for each person.

The principle can be applied as follows: Suppose the room in which our reader is perusing this instructive article is 10 ft. x 10 ft. x 10 ft. high, and there is a narrow window in it two feet wide and a fireplace. The room will be sufficiently ventilated if he opens the window one inch for every person in the room, the foul air finding a ready exit up the chimney.

Now, is not this delightfully simple, and do you not see how a few figures give more simplicity to a subject than clouds of words?

So far this is theory, but the practical person asks—"Is there any way in which I can find out whether the air does contain the right amount of carbonic acid and no more?"

Certainly there is; and if what we have said is simple, this is positively infantile.

To test the air of a room you bring into it a half-pint bottle full of water. You empty this water out in the room, when the bottle immediately fills with the air of the room. You then put into the bottle one tablespoonful (half an ounce) of pure lime water, cork, and shake it. If it does not turn milky in a few minutes the air does not contain more than .4 parts in 1,000 of carbonic acid; if it does, it does, and the ventilation is insufficient.

In the day, therefore, the problem is easily solved. The difficulty is in the evenings and nights and in winter. Observe what is done. The window is closed, the curtains drawn, the two gases lighted.

Now two gases produce as much carbonic acid in an hour as ten men; though, being pure, it is not so injurious; nevertheless, the room requires more ventilation, and, instead, there is less, or none at all.

It has been calculated that, in a fair-sized room, hermetically sealed, a man might exist for one hour. If he had a candle this would be reduced to three-quarters of an hour; if a lamp, to half an hour; while, if he had two good gas burners, and wanted to be really cheerful, he would live just five minutes.

All this shows that ventilation should always be increased when lights are burning in a room, and not decreased. At night, in bedrooms, the fresh air is a necessity of life. It is folly to rail at "night air" as if it were a mysterious poison.

As a matter of fact, there is no air at night but night air, and it happens to be always far purer than day air—at any rate, in towns. It should be freely admitted without draught.

CHILDREN IN THE EAST.

Children are greatly loved and occupy a prominent place in the Japanese household. Both father and mother take great pride in them, and, though demonstrative love is unknown in Japan, the care and love for them is seen in many ways. The first child, be it boy or girl, is always warmly welcomed, though preference may be given to a son as the one who will in the future take the father's place in the household as head of the family.

Yet girls are dearly loved, and fill an important place in the home.

On the birth of a son or daughter all the relatives and near friends of the family come to pay a visit of congratulation, bringing with them the usual good-luck gifts of fish and eggs, or a piece of silk for the baby's dress.

The customary words of congratulation are uttered, and the baby, bundled up in its wadded red or yellow clothes, is admired, looked at and handled in much the same way that babies are handled all over the world by admiring relatives. It cries and kicks and sleeps and grows and is trotted up and down.

After a time, when babyhood is past, there are many pleasant things in store for Japanese children. A little girl has her own special toys and amusements. Her mother spends much time with her, and takes the greatest pleasure in making pretty clothes for her and in dressing her often like a gay butterfly—for even children of the poorer classes are dressed in bright and pretty colors.

Visitors and relatives all come with some present for the little girl, who is made a great deal of and loved and treasured. The father, too, seldom fails to take interest in the children, and pets and plays with his little girl.

Sometimes he takes her out with him to walk or to ride, and at such times, mounted on tiny wooden clogs, with a little hand slipped into the father's big one, our little girl will enjoy the merry sights and pretty places along the streets of the great city of Tokyo, or, perhaps, with father, mother and brothers, will spend a pleasant spring day picknicking in some country spot, where the much-loved flowers of Japan, the plum or the cherry are out in full bloom.

Japanese children learn instinctively to love nature and outdoor life, for the children of the lower classes are seen out of doors at all times; and they, as well as their parents enjoy the sights of the places so famous in Japan for the many beautiful flowers, each season as it passes bringing some one into perfection.

The children of the wealthier and more exclusive families enjoy the same pleasure, but the much loved flowers are those of their own spacious gardens, in which they walk, and whose beauty is not for the common crowd.

At 6 years of age school life begins for the average child, sometimes preceded by a year or two of kindergarten work.

The ordinary primary school is of a late growth in Japan, but in the city of Tokyo, as well as in most of the country districts, it is almost the universal custom to send the children to them. School life is pleasant, with tasks and play for six days in the week, not unlike that of the children of America. But school tasks are perhaps harder, and the numerous Chinese hieroglyphics which have to be memorized are very puzzling to the little heads.

The big brush dipped in India ink, which is used to form the many strokes of one Chinese character, are very unwieldly to be handled by the little fingers of a child.

Later on in school life there are many lessons to be learned in this complex language of written symbols, besides the accomplishments of music, painting, arrangement of flowers, and above all, sewing.

However, not so much in the way of hard study is demanded of the girls at present, and there are numerous holidays during the school year, when, with dolls and toys, a group of little girls and play at keeping house, cutting out and fitting paper dolls, making dolls' clothes, telling stories, and looking at the gay picture books illustrating the many romantic stories in the history of Japan in ancient times.

To go out visiting with grandmother or mother is a great event in a child's life, not frequent enough, perhaps, even to lose its charm.

Arrived at the house where the visit is to be paid, the guests are made most welcome. Tea and cakes are at once served while many long and formal salutations and bows are exchanged between guest and host, seated on the soft matted floor. The little girl, however, nestles shyly up to her mother, and is expected to be only quiet and good after she has made her one bow down to the floor.

She does not join in the talk or conversation of her elders, but looks at the picture books and toys which are brought out for her entertainment. After a while she may walk out in the garden and see the trees and flowers or there may be some games with other little girls, but there is little noise and laughter and the plays are quiet—very different from the free, romping amusements and easy talk of the children in America, who would no doubt consider a Japanese child's plays very tame and uninteresting.

Among the pleasures of the year none is more enjoyed than the great festival at New Year's, when all the world of Japan, young and old, takes a holiday and has a brief play.

Next to New Year's the great festival of the dolls on the 3rd day of March is, for girls, the greatest time of all the year, when all the beautiful dolls—the effigies of emperor and empress, which have been handed down in the family for many generations—are taken out of the storehouse and arranged on shelves, to be looked at and admired by the wondering eyes of the little ones.

A feast is prepared for the dolls, and visitors are invited to see them and the many miniature household utensils of lacquer and china, which are carefully arranged on different shelves.

These are a great joy to the children, who are never tired of looking at them during the days the festival lasts; for the dolls and toys are not like the common ones played with by them daily, and a fine collection composes a part of the household treasure, being valued highly and handed down from mother to daughter for many generations.

But life does not pass for Japanese children all in festivals and play. There are many lessons to be learned and much work to be done. In the homes of the middle class it is expected of the young girl that she help in the sweeping of the house, in the polishing of the woodwork—the chief ornament of a Japanese house—and in the sewing and mending of clothes. She assists her mother in every way, even to the caring of the younger children of the family. If there are visitors she must help in their entertainment, and she must know the etiquette of the table service so that she can serve and wait upon them gracefully and politely.

As the years of childhood pass by she will find restrictions gather around. Her life becomes busy, yet narrow; her school days close early, and there are perhaps fewer pleasures and less freedom as she grows older. The happy days of unconscious childhood, spent in careless content—perhaps the happiest in the life of a Japanese female—are soon over, and a new life begins for her at the dawn of womanhood, when marriage takes place, too often before the real meaning of life is understood.

At Home and Abroad.

In Russia the State bank advances money at four and one half per cent. a year on all kinds of goods, in amounts as high as two-thirds their value. It takes money on deposit at one and one half per cent. A little while ago, to assist the grain trade, the government bought largely direct from the producers, and will soon be the largest holder of grain in the country. It has nearly completed the absorption of private railway lines; while it has not only acquired the monopoly of the manufacture of spirits and the control of the retail trade, but it is about to take the wine and sugar trade into its hands, and very likely the coal trade as well.

The crown which is to be worn at the coming coronation of the Czar of Russia is one of the richest treasures in the possession of European royal or imperial families. Catherine the Great had it made by a jeweller from Geneva in the last century. She gave orders at the time that it was to be the most valuable crown in Europe. The jeweller, however, was informed that it must not weigh more than five pounds, as the Empress was to wear it for five hours at the ceremony of coronation. The Genevan was successful in fulfilling all the requirements, and the crown to day is valued at nearly $450,000. On the top is a ruby, surmounted by a cross of five magnificent diamonds, and the rest of it is fairly covered with diamonds and pearls.

Louis, the peasant, who won the foot race between Marathon and Athens during the recent "Olympic" games, has been treated ever since as a sort of demigod. All his sayings are reported; he has been escorted in a carriage by a detachment of troops; when he walks in the streets crowds of respectable men and women follow him, and the King of Greece has not only shaken hands with him, but both Louis and his father have been invited to the palace. Private individuals have given him large sums of money; wine dealers, grocers and numerous other tradesmen have offered to supply all his requirements for a year free of costs, and a barber has offered to shave him and cut his hair for the period of his lifetime, free of cost.

The German Emperor must have been very much amused when he read the speech of one of the natives of the Cameroons in proposing the "health of the Kaiser" at a recent festival. The speech was as follows: "The Emperor is the wisest and most powerful man in the world. He sees the treasures in the middle of the earth, and he has them brought forth. He spans the world with iron threads, and as soon as he touches them his words travel over space. He has steamships that sail on dry land. When a mountain stands in his way he bores a hole through it; if a river bars his progress he builds a street in the air. Though the Emperor is the richest of all men, he has only one wife; and though his wife is the most beautiful woman on earth, he has not anything to pay for her."

There is one subject of which never too much can be said, and that is the use of birds in millinery. Far from causing any decrease in the exportation of foreign birds for this purpose, the universal reprobation by all right-thinking people seems rather to tend to its increase. Last year the importation was greater than in any previous years; innumerable quantities of birds having been brought over from Trinidad and Japan. If those who wear birds in their hats or bonnets thought for one moment of the facts which have been constantly put before them—of the brutal manner in which the birds are snared; of their quivering little bodies stretched over cotton forms before they are dead—they would renounce the fashion at once and for all time. It cannot be denied that plumage is of great service in millinery, but that supplied by birds used for food is quite sufficient to meet the demand; and there is no limit to the dyer's powers.

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Our Young Folks.

THE TOOL CHEST.

BY G. H.

"IT was all the fault of the Tin tack." That was what all the tools said when they heard what had happened.

You see, the Tack came of a very sharp family, and took a delight in pricking and scratching whenever he had a chance, which made him a very unpleasant companion; and when he was remonstrated with for doing so, he always put the blame upon the edged-tools, so that he did not get punished half as often as he deserved.

Then, too, he had a very high opinion of the importance of his family in general and of himself in particular, and consequently gave himself airs which were very exasperating to the rest of the tools.

"Pooh!" he said rudely, when the Hammer expostulated with him upon his being so stuck up.

"Who are you? Why, when the Princess was coming, who but my father was selected for the honor of holding down the corner of the druggot upon which she was to dance? And where were you, I should like to know?

"Just allowed to assist him into his proud position, and then hurried back into your box again before the grand company arrived, lest they should see you.

"Just a common, everyday working Hammer, that's all you are! and there was my father standing all night at the Princess' feet; and he can show to this day a piece of the lace off the hem of her gown!"

"It wasn't very polite of your father to tear a lady's gown, much less a Princess'," remarked the Bradawl.

"Who said he tore it?" demanded the Tin-tack aggressively. "As a matter of fact, the Princess gave it to him."

"Oh, oh!" sneered all the tools derisively.

"It's a fact, I assure you," persisted the Tack.

"Sounds uncommonly like one," retorted the Plane, at which the others laughed.

"Well, look here," argued the Tack; "you can't know, because you were not there."

"Neither were you," cried the tools in chorus.

And as this happened to be perfectly true, the Tack said no more for a few minutes. Then he suddenly remarked, "Pooh, you're all jealous, that's what it is!"

"Jealous of what?" demanded the Hammer scornfully. "Of you? Jealous of a Tin tack! Why, anyone can buy a whole bushful of you for a penny!" And at this crushing speech all the tools roared with laughter.

The Tin-tack crept out of sight feeling very crestfallen; and after that he scratched the Hammer whenever he found an opportunity, and encouraged the two little Screws to do the same, so that between whom they really led the poor Hammer a terrible life.

One day the little boy to whom the tool chest belonged went away for a long holiday. At first the tools were rather glad of the rest, but after a time the want of exercise made them fidgety and cross, and so they took to squabbling.

"Oh, dear!" yawned the Plane one day; "how I wish there was a piece of rough wood anywhere about! I'm longing to smooth something down."

"Awfully slow work," sneered the Gimlet. "Now, why don't you bore your way into the heart of things at once, like I do?"

"What's the use of that?" said the Screw driver. "You only make an ugly hole, which I promptly fill up again with one of my useful little servants."

"Here, whom are you calling servants?" interrupted one of the Screws wrathfully. "We only go into holes when we choose—not to please you."

"Gently, gently, my little man," said the Screwdriver, patting him condescendingly on the head; "you go just where I drive you, so don't give yourself airs, if you please."

The Screw gave himself an indignant little twist, but did not dare to say anymore, for he was really terribly frightened of the Screwdriver, who would have thought nothing of fastening him tight in a little hole, with only his head out, for the rest of his life.

After that they took to arguing about which was the most useful tool amongst them—a distinction which the Hammer claimed, because he said he was required three times as often as any of the others.

"I like that!" said the Tin tack. "What are you ever wanted for, I should like to know, except to assist members of my family into various positions they are called upon to fill? That's all you are good for, Mr. Hammer, though you do think so much of yourself."

This exasperated the Hammer terribly.

"I've knocked a good lot of your family on the head before now," he remarked in a vindictive voice, "and I'll serve you the same some day, if I get the chance, my fine friend. That will knock a little of the conceit out of you, I know."

The Tin tack turned pale. He had forgotten that side of the question, and looked upon the Hammer as a very common sort of person, who was kept especially to attend upon the Tack family.

"The Hammer always had a nasty way of putting things," he said to himself; but all the same he felt rather uneasy about it, and really behaved very well indeed for quite a long time, and never once scratched the Hammer, except by accident, and then always apologised.

But, alas! after awhile he forgot the warning, and his conduct became worse than ever; so that it was quite a relief to the rest when the little boy came home from his holiday; and ran into the playroom to get his tool chest.

He opened it at once, and began to take the tools out one by one, till he came to the Hammer, which he laid aside. "I shall want that," he said, "and a tack as well, to fasten the corner of the library carpet which is loose."

This was delightful news for the Hammer.

"Ha, ha! my fine friend," he said; "now your time has come. You won't look quite so saucy when I've done with you."

The Tack was too frightened to reply, but crept away to the bottom of the box, and hid himself in some shavings, hoping the little boy would not see him; but he was very soon discovered, and carried down to the library with the Hammer.

"There," said the little boy, as he stuck the Tack neatly through the corner of the carpet; "you'll do very nicely like that. And now for the Hammer to knock you in with."

Oh, dear! How the poor little Tack did beg for mercy. But the Hammer only laughed, and said, "I told you I would hit you on the head when I got the chance, and now I'm going to do it;" and he fell with all his might on the Tin-tack, and knocked him right through the carpet into the floor.

There was nothing to be seen of him but just his head and his round flat face staring up with a comical expression of dismay at the Hammer, who gave him another little tap, just to make sure he was in tightly, and left him to his fate; and there he is, no doubt, to the present day.

The Hammer went back and told the tools about it, and they shook their heads very gravely and said, "It was all the fault of the Tin tack."

Is Friday an Unlucky Day?—In spite of superstition, Friday is not an unlucky day.

In fact, it can be proved by the most important happenings in the history of this and other countries that Friday is the most fortunate day in the week.

Here are a few notable events the honors of which belong to Friday.

On Friday, August 21, 1429, Christopher Columbus first sailed upon his great voyage of discovery from Palos, in Spain.

On the 11th day of a September, which happened upon a Friday, while in midocean, to the consternation of his officers and men, the needle of the compass fluctuated and fell off in an unexplainable manner, and it was then that all but Columbus lost faith in the enterprise.

It was on Friday, October 12, 1492, that Columbus first discovered land. On Friday, January 4, 1493, he sailed on his return to Spain, where he landed in safety on a Friday. It was on Friday, June 15, 1494, that the great navigator discovered the continent of America.

On Friday, March 5, 1496, Henry VII. of England gave John Cabot his commission, which led to his discovery of North America. This is the first American state paper in England.

It was on Friday, November 10, 1620, that the Mayflower, with the Pilgrims, made the harbor of Provincetown, and the same day signed the august compact, the forerunner of the present American constitution.

On Friday, December 22, 1620, the Pilgrims made their final landing on Plymouth Rock.

Among the great men of history who were born on a Friday are George Washington, Charles "The Bold" of Burgundy, Gabriel Fahrenheit, of thermometer fame, Sir Isaac Newton, Martin Luther, George Stephenson, Bismarck, Gladstone and Disraeli.

On Friday, April 8, 1645 the first known newspaper advertisement was published in the Imperial Intelligencer in England.

On a Friday, in February, 1760, the "Stamp Act" was repealed in England, and on Friday, November 28, 1811 the first newspaper ever printed by steam, the London Times, was printed.

Alexander von Humboldt, in climbing Chimborazo, reached an altitude of 19,300 feet on Friday, June 12, 1802.

On Friday, June 8, 1819 the first steam vessel crossed the Atlantic, the Savannah, sailed from Savannah to Liverpool.

It was on a Friday that the Great Eastern left the Irish coast to lay the Atlantic Cable and reached Heart's Continent.

Queen Victoria was married on a Friday.

The battle of Waterloo was fought, the Reine was destroyed, and Moscow was burned on Fridays.

On Friday, January 17, 1808, the importation of slaves into the United States was prohibited by Congress.

Photographing the Maelstrom.—For centuries past no one ventured to doubt the truth of the generally received stories of the Maelstrom's terrible powers. But quite recently M. Castellani, a well known French scientist, has succeeded at the imminent risk of his life, in taking a series of photographs which conclusively upset all hitherto conceived notions of the famous whirlpool.

To do this he had himself suspended in a small basket from the car of a balloon just above the raging waters.

As the result of his investigations, he found that, after all, the Maelstrom was not the frightful watery abyss that tradition and folk lore had been depicting it for centuries. Down in his little basket, oscillating to and fro, almost within reach of the foaming waves, he felt no fear.

There, in a spot where no mortal man had ever been before, the first to see the whirlpool of the world as it really is, he learned, and he has brought back tangible proofs, by means of unlying lens, that the Maelstrom is simply a succession and conglomeration of torrents, eddies, and currents, in which no small boat could live, but through which any large vessel, properly handled, might pass in safety.

The danger of the performance was extreme, and the balloon was nearly blown out to sea by the veering currents, which rendered aerial navigation almost impracticable. Only the skill of the aeronaut, Lalulle, saved them.

Furthermore, the day was dark, the sky was lowering, and the sea was just recovering from the effects of a tempest from the north west that had lashed it into fury twenty-four hours before, and the mountain billows had not yet subsided.

But such was the exact condition of affairs that Castellani wished. His project was to take the Maelstrom at as near its worst as possible, and he ventured out with his balloon at the first opportunity the winds would allow him.

Horse Wos.—At one of the annual fairs held at a small town in Russia, a gentleman observed a gipsy and a Jew haggling over the sale of a horse.

Full of curiosity when the two separated, and anxious to know how two such shrewd characters had bargained, the gentleman called the gipsy to him, and inquired how much he had got for his animal. The gipsy opened his hand and showed a ten-rouble note.

"But isn't that very cheap?"

"No," said the gipsy; "he is dead lame."

The gentleman then sought the Jew, and said

"So you've given ten roubles for a lame horse?"

"The Israelite laid his finger on his nose, and said—

"Lame! He's as sound as you are; I saw he was badly shod, and only limped in consequence."

The inquirer turned to the gipsy, and reported what the Jew said. The former gave a tremendous and significant wink, and whispered—

"He's as lame as a two legged stool. I had him badly shod on purpose to make them believe that that was the cause of his limping."

When this was communicated to the Jew he seemed for the moment taken aback, and hung his head, then with a little sigh and a shrug of his shoulders, he said quietly—

"Ah, well; it's all right—it was a bad ten-rouble note!"

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

San Francisco, Cal., is 3230 miles west of New York.

It is 4880 miles from Washington to [illegible].

The Suez Canal is 92 miles long, and [illegible].

Lima, Peru, is 3515 miles southwest of Washington.

Japan had only one newspaper twenty-five years ago. Now it has nearly 1,000.

To salute with the left hand is a deadly insult to Mohammedans in the East.

Over 7000 varieties of microscopic sea shells have been enumerated by naturalists.

Over 2000 patents have been issued in the United States for the manufacture of tacks.

The record for staying under water is four minutes, twenty nine and one-quarter seconds.

There are more ships' anchors made in Camden, Me., than in any other place in the country.

A Coventry firm is executing an order for 150 bicycles for the use of officers of the Salvation Army.

In China, "the land of opposites," the dials of clocks are made to turn round, while the hands stand still.

Among the curiosities that a Cobalt, Conn., dentist left after his death were all the teeth that he had ever pulled.

According to a Frenchman, who has been experimenting, a single hair can carry a weight of more than six ounces.

School Directors in the District of Laverne, Iowa, have ordered a cyclone cave dug at each of the school houses in the district.

The moon is believed to be the only member of the planetary system which is wholly devoid of the least trace of an atmosphere.

A scientist has been testing the presence of bacteria in mountain air, finds that not a single microbe exists above an altitude of 9,000 feet.

Camels are perhaps the only animals that cannot swim. Immediately upon entering water, it is said, they turn on their backs and are drowned.

People perceive an odor because small particles of matter are detached from the odorous body and conveyed by the air to the nerves of the nose.

During the most peaceful years the world has 3,700,000 soldiers. The pay, equipments food and clothing of these men cost nearly $2,500,000 a day.

The Legislature of Ohio passed a law making every Saturday afternoon a half holiday in municipalities having a population of fifty thousand or more.

Fifty bicycles were impounded on one day in Paris recently because they had no plates bearing the owner's name and residence affixed to them, as the new law requires.

The sum of $100,000 has been given to the Paris Academy of Medicine, the income of which is to be paid yearly to the man who shall discover a specific remedy for consumption.

Mrs. Eugene Daniels, of Canaan, N. H., has a tame crow which talks and goes to church every Sunday, in the literal sense of the word, for it waits outside at the door until the service is over.

A new Government tax of one mark on each cat kept as a house pet has been imposed in Dresden. Thousands of animals have been destroyed by owners desirous of avoiding the "cat tax."

A "Chameleon Flower" has been introduced into Europe from the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. The blossoms of this newly-discovered plant are white in the morning, changing to red at noon and again to blue in the evening.

A colored man in Sumner county, Kan., recently sold a hog. In paying for it the firm held out the amount of a debt. The colored man went to law, and after taking a change of venue discovered that he had paid $1.50 for giving the hog away.

All the mules about the iron works at Phoenixville know what the 6 o'clock evening whistle means, and when it blows they show their pleasure by whinnying and pricking up their ears. As soon as they are unhitched they make a bolt for the stable.

Railroad men are watching the new Baltimore and Washington electric road with some interest, as it is a direct bid against two strong steam roads for a rich slice of railroad traffic. The distance is 38 miles, and the new cars will make it at a possible speed of 60 miles per hour.

Observations made on the pendulum of the Paris Observatory, which is kept ninety feet under ground, with a temperature that varies one-hundredth part of a degree at most during the year, show that it is not quite proof to the variations of atmospheric pressure. It makes an error of one-third of an oscillation in 12,000,000, and it is proposed to remedy this error.

BEYOND RECALL.

BY H. B.

Beyond recall is that June day,
When skies were blue and meads were gray,
  When skylarks sang with might and main
  O'er hill and grove and vale and plain,
When love for gold I flung away.
Now mournfully alone I stray,
Too sad to weep, too weak to pray,
  While my poor heart chants one refrain—
    "Beyond recall!"

Maidens, beware while yet you may;
Say "Yes" to Love instead of "Nay,"
  Before you choose the chaff for grain,
  Shadow for substance, lost in vain
You weep for days, when old and gray,
    Beyond recall!

UNDER THE POLE.

A late traveler, writing of his journey among the Eskimo, says of some lively hunting: It was in the first half of February, just as the cold was severest, that I was traveling far to the north of our winter quarters for the purpose of obtaining meat for our many dogs, which were half-starved. I had for companion a native, Kaschu by name, a lively, amusing fellow; but I must add he was a thief and liar of the first water to boot.

When about twenty miles distant from the coast, we halted, tied the dogs to hummocks, and proceeded on foot a couple of miles further out, watching for walrus, as these animals are in the habit of thrusting their big heads through the thin ice in order to breathe, and it is then that the Eskimo watches his opportunity of launching his harpoon into their carcase, keeping it tied with the line till the animal is exhausted.

A little after noon we succeeded in killing an enormous she-walrus, a task, however, comparatively easy, as we had both harpoon and rifle, and while Kaschu was cutting it up I was to fetch the sledge and dogs.

At a rattling pace we sped seaward toward him. See him I could not, although it was only just after noon, as twilight had already set in, and only a faint streak in the south indicated where the long-looked-for sun was. Suddenly I feel a slight jerk of the sledge as it speeds silently out upon the dark violet-colored surface of elastic new ice.

The sledge is already partly under the ice! An icy bath I knew at once I was to have, so I slid off the sledge slowly, and gave at the same time a violent pull at the steering band, whereby the front part again reached the ice sheet, and then began a terrible fight for life as we slowly splashed through the water to the other side. The dogs needed no encouragement to pull now, the keen animals exerted themselves to their utmost, understanding quite well that it was a struggle for life.

At one moment most of them were in the water, in the next they obtained foothold on the ice with their sharp claws, but only again to be immersed in the icy waves. I shall not enlarge upon the horrors of the situation and my reflections, but only add that we reached the solid ice at last on the other side of the clear more than forty feet wide, and that I was soaked to the arm-pits under a temperature 40° F. below freezing point, and no land in sight.

I ran out to my companion in my heavy fur garments, which already began to be coated with icicles, and got him to drive me home at once. The dogs did their duty in the fine moonlight, and in four hours we were safely back in one of the warm earth huts of the natives. And I suffered no more from my awful immersion, but forget it I never shall.

On another tour we had expected to find many natives at one place, but all we could discover in the gloom of midnight was a long deserted tumbledown snow hut. My companion and I at once set to work to repair the hut, while an old man and his woman began to dig in the snow under a huge traveled boulder, maintaining that they would, according to an old charitable Eskimo custom, find seal blubber for the aid of needy travelers in general.

Long and deep they dug, and blubber there was, sure enough in plenty. The old man cut up some in bits for the dogs, while the woman prepared other for our lamps, making the pieces soft by chewing them with her teeth before putting them on the lamp saucers.

In a short while we were snugly ensconced under our snow roof, consuming the remains of our reindeer steak of yesterday, while chatting about the events of the day. And, indeed, we were on the point of getting fox steak too for supper that night, as just before we reached our quarters we enjoyed an exciting and remarkable chase after a couple of Arctic Reynards, which only got away by the skin of their teeth.

In the faint rays of the Arctic midnight sun these little foxes often tramp long distances across the silent, icy expanse, in search of the remnants of feasts by polar bears, dead seal cubs, and the like. It was two such midnight prowlers we had come upon.

Hardly had the dogs spotted the two black little dots away in front of us before they set off at such a terrific pace that we were just able to fling ourselves on the sledges and enjoy the chase too. Away galloped the foxes; after them raced the dogs. But we did not gain much upon them as, of course, the sledges handicapped the dogs so much that one fox succeeded in at once escaping, having astutely enough made for the shore. The other, however, was just in front of us, but seemed to be getting away.

What then do my worthy sporting friends, who in the most intense excitement have been watching the unequal chase, and who now begin to see a doubtful issue, do?

Quick as thought my companion seizes his knife, bends forward, and cuts with a single rapid stroke the fastest of our animals, a little lady dog. And, in an instant, his companion follows his example. Like arrows shot from a bow the two animals dart forward.

My dog won the match in reaching the fox; but, alas! artful as ever, Reynard, at the moment of victory, jumped for dear life on to the top of a high flat iceberg, where our dogs were unable to follow and our guns to reach it, as the fox lay down flat. And thus ended an exciting fox hunt and coursing match a la Eskimo.

Grains of Gold.

Selfishness is self-destruction.

A word spoken in due season, how good it is.

Caution is often wasted, but it is a very good risk to take.

Better be ill-spoken of by one before all, than by all before one.

Occasions do not make a man frail, but they show what he is.

The man who would reform the world, needs to begin with himself.

Beware of the man who claims that any kind of a wrong is right.

It is not the clock that strikes the loudest which keeps the best time.

It is because so many people see wrong, that so many things go wrong.

Cleverness is a sort of genius for instrumentality. It is the brain of the hand.

The more honest our intentions are the less suspicious are we of other's designs.

Before we boast of how bad we have been, we had better be sure we are not that way still.

There are very few things in this world worth getting angry about, and they are precisely the things which anger does not help.

All the of pleasure are balanced by an equal degree of pain or languor; 'tis like spending this year part of next year's revenue.

We are ruined, not by what we really want, but by what we think we want; it is wise, therefore, never to go abroad in search of our wants.

False friends are like our shadows; they keep close to us while we walk in the sunshine, but leave us the instant we cross into the shade.

Femininities.

The up-to-date bicycle girl has a mirror attached to her handle bar.

Few young girls are so inconsolable that their hearts can't be kept afloat by a boy.

She: If you will buy that gold watch for me I will set back the hands two hours on club nights.

It is estimated that there are 40,000 women voters in Utah and 10,000 more who may become naturalized.

Pope Leo has selected the Princess of Bulgaria as the recipient of the Golden Rose for this year.

Prince Bismarck is said to earn about $175,000 a year from the various industrial undertakings in which he is a participant.

A young woman, being asked by a politician which party she was most in favor of, replied that she preferred a wedding party.

A movement is afoot for a hundred thousand-dollar monument to the late Dr. Samuel F. Smith, the author of the national hymn, "America."

Neil: Mr. Brown and Mr. Green both proposed to me. Belle: Which will you accept? Neil: Oh, Mr. Brown, of course; green is a color I could never abide.

Gentleness is a sort of mild atmosphere, and it enters into a child's soul like the sunbeam into the rosebud, slowly but surely expanding it into beauty and vigor.

Count Tolstoi, who went among the bicyclists last year, aged 67, recently applied in Moscow for the permit which wheelmen need who wish to ride within the city lines.

"Why is it, Clara, that you never play with little Fanny Smith?" Clara: "What is the use of cultivating the society of girls who have no marriageable brothers? It is just time thrown away."

There are at the present time no less than 1500 societies in Germany, organized for the protection of young women of the working classes and devoted to their interests. A weekly journal, with a circulation of 12,000 copies, is printed for their benefit.

It is claimed that the perfume of flowers disappears as soon as the starch in the petals is exhausted; and, it may, it is said, be restored by placing the flower in a solution of sugar, when the formation of starch and the emission of fragrance will be at once resumed.

A blushing damsel had a man and a dog up before the police magistrate, to answer a charge of assault and battery on the part of the dog. When asked what the dog did she said he bit her. When asked where, after considerable hesitation and blushing, she replied, "On the left drum-stick."

"You must find it a monstrous bore," said a visitor to his hostess, "to have to entertain so many people. How do you ever manage to get rid of tiresome folks?" "Easily enough. When I want to get rid of anybody I talk to him about myself. If I wish anyone to stay, all I have to do is to talk to him about himself."

Miss Mabel Kennedy, an attractive young woman not yet 20, is the cashier of the Merchants' Bank, of Forsythe, Mont. She passes upon all the securities offered, makes the loans, receives the deposits, draws exchange, keeps the books, and, in fact, does all the work of the bank, its owner being a non-resident.

Miss Kate Shelley, of Moingona, Iowa, who made her way through a raging blizzard at midnight several years ago, and, by signaling to a crowded express train on the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad, saved it from plunging through a wrecked bridge, has applied to the Iowa Legislature for employment in the State House as a menial. She is destitute and has to support her aged mother and an invalid brother.

"Max O'Rell" relates that while he was teaching in an English school a lady wrote to the head master: "Dear Sir: It is our intention to place our boy under your care, but before we do so we should like to know what the social standard of your school is." To which the head master replied: "Dear Madam: So long as your boy behaves well and his fees are paid regularly, no inquiry will be made about his antecedents."

A belated romance has just come to an end in Paris. A girl of 17 wrote a love letter directed to whoever should find it, put it in a blue satin bag and shut it in the secret drawer of a writing desk. The writing desk was bought at an auction by a colonel on the retired list, who found the letter and spent some time in hunting up the writer. He found at last that she was a Grey Sister and was now over 70 years of age, but induced her to leave the order and marry him.

The appearance of the following ironical advertisement in the Southeastern Herald, of England, indicates that domestic service is becoming a burning question in England also: "General servant required; board-school training; liberal wages; use of piano; time allowed for practicing violin and dancing; all evenings out; followers unlimited; dirty work done by mistress and daughters; early riser objected to; bicycle and modern costume provided; latch key; highest references given, none required."

Masculinities.

It is said that the Tartars invite a man to drink by gently pulling his ear.

A Newark, N. J., man wants a divorce because his wife is deaf and dumb.

She: Why does a woman take a man's name when she marries him? He: Why does she take everything else he's got?

The following question is now being discussed before the Bungtown Debating Society: "Can a big man ache harder than a little one?"

The brave man seeks not popular applause, nor, overpowered with arms, deserts his cause; unashamed, though foiled, he does the best he can.

Kentucky has a colored New Woman who is a bricklayer and stone mason. There is also a white woman in that State who, though 77 years old, shears her own sheep.

A citizen of Carthage, Mo., who was sentenced to serve seven days in the town jail last week, surprised the proprietor of the local paper by ordering that it be sent to his changed address for the week of his incarceration.

Among the Turks, bath money forms an item in every marriage contract, the husband engaging to allow his wife a certain sum for bathing purposes. Should it be withheld she has only to go before the cadi and turn her slipper upside down, and if the complaint be not then redressed it is a ground for divorce.

The result of the excessive bowing is that Paris hatters do a larger business than those of any other city. Nothing ruins a hat so quickly as constant bows with it. In London, where men are less polite, a hat lasts twice as long, usually giving way first at the crown, instead of at the nape or brim, as do French hats.

A young officer hearing some one celebrating the exploits of a prince who, in two assaults upon a town had killed six men with his own hand—"Bah," said he, "I would have you to know that the very mattresses I sleep upon are stuffed with nothing else but the whiskers of those whom I have sent to slumber in the other world!"

The young Khedive of Egypt is said to possess the most costly set of harness in the world. It is made of black leather, with chased gold buckles, and collars ornamented with the same metal. The pad cloths are also embroidered with gold, and the set is said to have cost $10,000. It is for four horses, and used on State occasions.

It is asserted that singing is a corrective of the too common tendency to pulmonic complaints. An eminent physician observes on the subject: "The Germans are seldom afflicted with consumption, and this, I believe, is in part occasioned by the strength which their lungs acquire by exercising them in vocal music, for this constitutes an essential branch of their education."

An old man, a resident of England, who recently died at the age of 63, attracted considerable attention in the community in which he lived on account of a phenomenal growth of hair which appeared on his head just before his death. For over 12 years he had been bald, and then, in some inexplicable way, a heavy growth of hair suddenly appeared, like that of an infant.

Of the English Judges in India is an expert on the type-writer, and it occurred to him to use it for the taking of judicial notes. The machine was conveyed into court and the Judge kept note of the proceedings. The prisoner was found guilty and sentenced, and he promptly appealed on the ground that, instead of listening to the evidence, the Judge had whiled away his time by playing on a musical instrument.

There is a great diversity of taste among the crowned heads of Europe as to the pleasantest method of puffing tobacco. The Emperor William prefers a pipe, generally a meerschaum; the Prince of Wales enjoys cigars and cigarettes, and when he uses a pipe chooses a briar-wood; the young King of Spain is already old enough to roll his own cigarettes; the Czar of Russia, who is a great smoker, prefers to use a huge pipe.

It is announced that the two elder sons of the German Emperor are to go to school at Plon, in Holstein, partly as a compliment to the people of Holstein, and partly because there is a convenient lake in the grounds. The Emperor sets great store upon their being taught to row, and all the necessary implements have already been ordered from the Thames. It will be remembered that the Empress of Schleswig-Holstein, and the Holsteiners are delighted at the idea of having her sons among them.

It seems that there is such a thing as the Chinese New Woman. Further, the Chinaman thinks her a danger. The Prefect of Kwang Chan-fu has issued an edict, in which he says: "Women's clubs are hereby prohibited. It is a well-known fact that in the districts herein named a great part of the female population has a horror of matrimony. In consequence whereof our young persons who are married do remain away from their husbands a whole year at a time, passing their existence with parents, female friends, or in clubs. Should a man demand his wife back by force she kills herself—" and so on.

Latest Fashion Phases.

Yellow is a favorite color among the daintiest Summer gowns, possibly from the fact that discerning customers have at last discovered that yellow is almost the only color equally becoming to women of fair and dark complexions. It is often used, however, in peculiarly odd combinations. Yellow, violet and rose is a not altogether unhappy combination affected in some of the Parisian costumes, the effect being very novel.

Persian designs are very commonly seen among the thin as among the heavier materials. Such designs, however, are more effective when used in combination than when employed in the main material of a gown. Persian embroideries or ribbons brighten up a gown wonderfully, while a soft clinging white gown is given an air of its own by a deep Persian border to the skirt and a wide belt to match.

Skirts of the summer gowns are much trimmed. The sight of a plain, unadorned muslin skirt has proved rather too much for the feminine love of decoration to endure, and what the woman of fashion has suffered through her plain winter skirts she is compensating for by her elaborate summer ones. Some of them have a foundation of black satin. Soft becoming frills of black tulle plisse surround the face and border the tiny cape. Bows of mirror ribbon, in delicate green and lavender, give a very Frenchy touch to this unique headgear, which may be worn with any costume.

The hood ties in front with bows of black satin, but is made very large and loose, that it may not crush the most elaborate coiffure. The girl who is afraid of disarranging her locks, however, may adopt the fashion peculiar to the stage peasant girl, of wearing her bonnet dangling about the shoulders.

Cycling is certainly about the most ungraceful form of sport that women have as yet taken up, and that dress and carriage are far more important subjects for consideration than is commonly supposed is apparent when you view the army of inappropriately dressed women wheeling through the park and out on the boulevards. The majority of them apparently have never given the subject of suitable dress a second thought.

Any old skirt of dark material is shortened for the use, and the effect in most cases is simply ludicrous. Neat, trim, perfectly dressed women are decidedly the exception, which seems unnecessary with the present variety of bicycle dresses from which to choose.

Monotony no longer rules the kingdom of bicycle dress, and there are as many different styles among the costumes as there are in any branch of fashion. All sorts of tailor-made jackets and tight-fitting coat waists are worn, and those without any decoration except the buttons are the most to be desired, but contrasts of color in cloth or silk are sometimes used on the revers and collar.

The irrepressible shirt waist is worn when the weather is warm. One of the season's novelties is a silk sweater with puffed sleeves, sometimes mixed with two colors; but the plain tan is considered most desirable. Waists are a very simple problem, anyway; it is the skirts which cause all discussion, and will doubtless monopolize the field of controversy until the ideal dress is evolved.

Bloomers appear here and there in the city panorama of bicycle dress, but they are the ugly exception, and the most becomingly dressed women wear skirts which reach a little above the ankle.

One of the prettiest, most graceful hanging skirts is the circular shape, made of double-faced cloth, checked on one side and twilled on the other. The cloth is so heavy that no lining is necessary, and it is simply made with a five-inch hem or facing of the same stitched in rows the width of a seam apart. The fullness at the waist is in two side plaits, which meet in the middle of the back, the sides and front being quite plain. The opening is at the side of the front, and is finished with a fly and fastened with small horn buttons. Silk knickerbockers are worn with this.

Knickerbockers of some sort—either silk, satin, or some light weight wool material—are the only correct substitute for the under petticoat. Other skirts are gored and plaited in various ways to give room for the knee action, but this circular cut seems to have nearly all the necessary virtues, without any of the faults of the others.

New inventions of the bifurcated style of skirts are constantly cropping up, and they improve enough to justify the time and thought expended on them, but the perfect design is yet to come. One style is cut so artfully that the division is never suspected. It buttons down each side when walking, and around the leg when on the wheel. Of course, the division must be ingeniously concealed, or these skirts are not a success, and there seems to be many different ways to bring about this result. Some are made with loops and tapes underneath to draw them up into something that resembles Turkish trousers, but the graceful skirt of this kind is divided only in the back, and does not reveal any division at all.

Tight fitting knickerbockers are the most desirable to wear with the divided skirt. One gown of brown tweed has an apron front on the skirt, fastened on either side with large buttons. Another of gray serge has a skirt plaited all around and arranged with pointed pocket flaps on either side.

Another has a divided skirt with apron fronts fastened on either side with silver buttons, but it is not so graceful as the circular skirt, which falls in pretty folds on either side of the wheel. A broad box plait is a useful addition in the front of a divided skirt, as it gives more room for the knee. A bloomer skirt, called the "culotte," is much more shapely than the regulation kind, as it is cut to fit closely around the hips like a skirt, and very full around the knees.

Tweeds, cheviots, serges and covert cloth are the leading materials for bicycle costumes, but cravenette is considered very desirable, as weather has no effect on it, and it does not hold the dust. Costumes for very warm weather are made of linen canvas, which looks very much like coarse towelling, and embroidered holland sailor hats trimmed with white quills and white moire ribbon are worn.

Small hats are the best for cycling, and pretty toques are made out of light weight tweed, with a crown like a jockey cap and a turned-up brim, caught at intervals around the crown with a rosette of ribbon loops and two quills at one side. White veils are very popular with the light suits and hats, and there are washable real lace veils especially for bicyclists.

In gloves there are those made of deerskin, and prepared so that there are no seams to hurt the hand. Pretty light tan and white gloves have tan leather palms ventilated, and some gloves are ventilated on the backs as well as in the palms. Russia leather gloves are recommended for cycling use, and are warranted to wear forever.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

During the season's renovating, if an old wall paper is to be removed, before going to work close the doors and windows tightly, place an old boiler or tub in the room and fill it with boiling water. The steam will moisten the paper and the work may be done quicker and more easily.

Dissolve a tablespoonful of turpentine in two quarts of hot water and use for washing glass dishes or globes. It will give them a lustre.

Turpentine will remove paint from woollen or silk fabrics. Saturate the spots with spirits of turpentine and allow it to remain for hours. Rub the cloth between the fingers and the paint will crumble off without injuring the goods.

It is not known that rats cannot resist sun-flower seeds. A trap baited with these seeds is the most effectual method of catching them.

Shoes that have become stiff and uncomfortable by being worn in the rain or that have been lying unused for some time may be made soft and pliable by vaseline well rubbed in with a cloth and rubbed off with a dry cloth.

If cayenne pepper is strewn in the kitchen storeroom it will keep ants and cockroaches away. A cloth wet with cayenne in solution and stuffed into a mouse hole will prevent the intrusion of these troublesome visitors.

When packing away ermine furs for the summer, place some pieces of white wax in with them to keep them from growing yellow. Put them in a cotton bag that has been colored with bluing, or use dark blue paper.

A pound of copperas, which can be bought for a few cents, dissolved in a gallon of boiling water, is excellent to cleanse a sink or closet. Remember the copperas is poisonous.

The model traveling bag for this season is made of yellow calfskin or Russia leather, lined with rich green or ruby red watered silk, and all of its interior appliances for the toilet mounted in aluminum. Even the outside rim, lock and clasps are finished in this featherweight metal, because American makers of travelers' supplies are laboring diligently to reduce the weight in all luggage conveniences. For example, the newest and best of the trunks are built of wood fiber and reinforced with sole leather, fitted inside with pressed paper trays, and the result is a comfortably sized box that a little bit of a woman can haul around with one hand. She can put no end of belongings into it, too, for at least the manufacturers have learned to fit up the interior of trunks with the most wonderful lot of charming conveniences.

For example, a big new trunk is provided along its inner walls with a series of canvas bags or pockets, into one of which stockings are stuffed, then a long row of them contain a shoe apiece, while other pockets hold additional small articles so hard to successfully dispose of in packing. The top tray of pressed paper is a wonder, and quite as cosy as one's top bureau drawer for stowing things it is cut up in compartments divided by wicker work. One for gloves, one for handkerchiefs, a special nook for veils, a complete work basket and a writing blotter, that lifts up and out on hinges so that seated by the trunk one can write letters at ease.

One corner of the tray is a snug medicine case, and inside the slightly rounded lid of this box a bag of light oiled cloth is fitted in and drawn up with a string. This will hold a week's allowance of soiled clothes rather more conveniently than any invention showed up to date. Such a trunk as the one described has quite ousted the famous bureau box from its hopeful position, for the clever bureau invention was always a heavy affair, very complicated as well, and usually demolished by the cynical American baggage smasher on its first long journey.

Next after the wood fiber trunks, those of basswood are considered the very best by women who know the science of comfortable traveling, and all these boxes are built flat on the top and a good deal longer than broad, so that to day the Saratoga is eyed with open curiosity. These long narrow trunks are an idea caught from the French actresses, who studied out the problem of carrying the greatest number of gowns in the smallest compass, but all the choice interior notions are purely of American invention.

It is an American bit of extravagance, too, to have a trunk made of engraved pigskin. Such a luxurious convenience has just been made by a dealer in leather goods for a young person whose fortune is beyond the dreams of avarice, and who is going to carry a part of her bridal trousseau in it. It is not very large, but nearly every inch of the yellow leather is richly carved in the most elaborate patterns. On the lid is cut a huge medallion monogram and coat of arms, the locks and buckles are of silver, and inside the leather box is lined with heavy white silk.

Along with this is provided an equally splendidly fitted bag, a square one which the fertile-minded maker has filled with just fifty-one toilet implements. The average woman does with less, and now it is possible to buy a very completely supplied satchel at the modest price of $14. From that price these bags range in cost to $1,500, but the cheap ones are made of calfskin or heavy canvas in green or brown, and the fittings either fasten on to the outside, with a heavy apron to button over them, or are slipped into a central leather shelf inside.

A thrifty-minded woman can now buy a bag with slots provided for holding the toilet articles from her bureau, or, to slip in her old-style Gladstone bag, she can buy a folding leather case, into which combs and brushes will fit, and so economically bring her satchel up to date. The very modish satchels have not only a full compliment of brushes, combs, bottles, soap cases and manicure set, but a complete arrangement for writing, that folds out and fastens down to the side of the bag like a lap table; also a box with the instruments for pedicure, sewing utensils, a leather-mounted laundry list, curling irons and tongs, besides a clock, thermometer and a corner for a minute camera. When all the interior of the bag is thus given up to paraphernalia a catch-all addition is set into the outside and holds the traveler's night dress, wrapper and slippers.

Fraer we flatter ourselves, and the flattery of others is sure of success. It awakens our self-love within—a party which is ever ready to revolt from our better judgment and join the enemy without.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

WILL CURE

No matter how violent or excruciating the pain the Rheumatic, Bedridden, Infirm, Cripple, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with diseases may suffer.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

Will Afford Instant Ease.

For headache (whether sick or nervous), toothache, neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys, pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints and pains of all kinds, the application of Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure.

Instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation and cures congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels or other glands or mucous membranes.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

CURES AND PREVENTS

Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Influenza, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Asthma, Difficult Breathing.

CURES THE WORST PAINS in from one to twenty minutes. Not one hour after reading this advertisement need any one SUFFER WITH PAIN.

INTERNALLY—A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will, in a few minutes, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Colic, Flatulency and all Internal pains.

Malaria in Its Various Forms Cured and Prevented.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of Radway's Ready Relief with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French brandy or bitters as a stimulant.

Price, 50 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

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MILD BUT EFFECTIVE

Purely vegetable, not without pain, elegantly coated, tasteless, small and easy to take. Radway's Pills assist nature, stimulating to healthful activity the liver, bowels and other digestive organs, leaving the bowels in a natural condition without any bad after effects.

CURE

Sick Headache,
Female Complaints,
Biliousness,
Constipation,
Piles

—AND—

All Liver Disorders

RADWAY'S PILLS cause perfect digestion, complete absorption and healthful regularity.

Price 25c Per Box. Sold by Druggists, or sent by mail.

Send to DR. RADWAY & CO., Lock Box 365 New York, for Book of Advice.

Recent Book Issues.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The May number of St. Nicholas is full of the out-of door spirit appropriate to the season. There are lots of illustrations and four full pictures. The magazine has the usual wide diversity. Among the best articles are "His Father's Price," "The Porcupine," "The Green Satin Gown," and "Shooting Stars that Reach the Earth." Published at New York.

The May number of The Quiver is a repository of wholesome, instructive and interesting reading. The fiction comprises installments of two serials and four complete stories with miscellaneous articles, poetry and music, "Short Arrows," etc. The number is profusely illustrated. Published at New York.

John Ireland, 1121 Broadway, N. Y., has issued a new, revised and enlarged edition of "What One Can do With a Chafing Dish," by H. L. Sawtelle. This is a book that all interested in cooking will find most valuable. A special feature of the new addition will be the different methods of preparing mushrooms. Published by Lippincott & Co.

The May Century contains an account of the crowning of the Czar—Alexander III. richly illustrated. The first of Professor Bryce's papers on South Africa is printed. Apropos of the Roentgen rays a number of short papers are contributed under the title of "Photographing the Unseen." Other interesting articles are "In Bohemia With Du Maurier," accompanied by seventeen drawings, "The Election of a Pope," and a number of fine stories and lighter miscellaneous matter by leading authors. Published at New York.

The complete novel in the May issue of "Lippincott's" is "An Impending Sword," by Horace Annesley Vachell, "From the Valley o' the Shadder," "Love in the Afternoon," "The Last Duels in America," "Bed and Board in Russia," "Official Residences for American Diplomats," and other good stories and articles fill out the number. Published in this city.

Among the articles in "Appletons' Popular Science Monthly" for May, are "Niagara as a Timepiece, (illustrated;) "Development of the Monetary Problem." "Principles of Taxation," "The Pygmy in the United States," (illustrated;) "Pending Problems for Wage-Earners," "Physiology of Color in Plants," (illustrated;) "Natural Science in a Literary Education" and "Recent Work on Roentgen's X Rays." Published at New York.

Excellent articles among others in that fine monthly, the "Eclectic Magazine," for May are "How to Read," "The Monroe Doctrine," "Evolution of the Professions," "The Land of the Northernmost Eskimo," "English Officers and Soldiers as They Will Be," "An Old Children's Book," "Rome After Thirty Years," and "Gossip About Pianists." Published at New York.

A Slip of Paper.

BY F. M. O.

HE was a first-rate poet, there was no doubt of that, but he was not much of a man; being a poet took all his time. He was rather handsome, in a black-haired, black-eyed sort of way. His enemies called him "Dumpy" and his friends wished he had been an inch or two taller, but when she first met him these considerations did not occur to her.

Afterward they may have done—with others. She had read all his books and knew most of them by heart before she met him, so that when they did meet she was content to sit and worship him with serious eyes and a glad heart humbly proud that she had been permitted by fate to breathe the same air with so great a being.

He didn't notice the eyes, though the worship in them struck him at once, but he noticed her hair, of which she had great masses; there was too much of it in fact; it spoiled the shape of her head and overweighted her small figure.

"I should like to see it down," he said to the daughter of the house.

"Come on Sunday," she said, "and you shall."

So on Sunday the poet exerted himself to be brilliant, morbid and impressive, and tried not to watch the daughter of the house as, passing about the room, she every now and then drew another hairpin from the golden braids of her unconscious friend.

Presently the event happened—the whole heavy, golden, crinkled mass drooped, spread, and lay like a mantle about her shoulders.

As she raised her hands to her head, and, with a reproachful cry, ran from the room, the hair streamed behind her; had she stood still it would have fallen far below her knees.

She was not particularly good looking, except for those eyes, which he never noticed, and that hair which held him captive, but he went home and wrote the best sonnet he had turned out since his last love affair, some six or eight months ago. When he had copied out the sonnet, addressed it to a leading magazine, and dropped it into the pillar box, he stood for a moment gazing up through the leafless branches of the trees in his front garden at the pale wintry moon.

"She is my fate," he said, "my inspiration. I must marry that girl if I am ever to do any more good work." And as the necessity for his doing good work was to him the potent Must of the universe, he did marry the girl, to her shy and amazed delight, and for quite three months they were as happy as most.

He bought her beautiful gowns of the best stuff, all of tints to set off her wonderful hair; he got an old acquaintance of hers, an artist, who lived at Hampstead, to design gowns and hats to show her hair to the best advantage.

He took her with him everywhere; he was as proud of her as a child of its first toy, and she was as proud of him as a woman of her first baby. His many selfishnesses, his countless vulgarities, did not strike her then.

He took her with him everywhere, and was pleased by the interest she excited; but presently he began to go out alone, and to leave her for long, dull evening after evening of solitude.

He always told her he was going out on business, but when she found out that his business was only what had been called pleasure in the earlier days of her marriage, she experienced a flash of enlightenment.

"I was actually making some friends," she said bitterly.

"He doesn't want me to be liked for myself, but only as his wife."

Then came a dreadful time when she realized that he was not in the least like his books, and close on her enlightenment followed his reluctant conviction that his wife, after all, was not sympathetic.

She could not see why, because he wrote beautiful poems, he should be unable to put coals on the fire or to cross the room to ring the bell when he wanted anything, nor why he should always take the best piece of bacon at breakfast. She did not want the best piece of bacon herself; but she wanted to give it to him, she didn't want him to take it.

[illegible] perishing, and how have [illegible] selfish; he other[illegible]n't green, as the [illegible] told [illegible] speak to each other again till [illegible] in.

"She doesn't understand in the least," he said to himself, "how necessary it is for the poet's nature to keep itself far above the commonplace."

"He doesn't understand," she said to herself, "how ill it makes me to see him eat three big peaches one after the other. He could have written just as good an ode to autumn if he had had only one, and that the smallest."

He was bringing out a new book. Her interest in his poetry had never failed, any more than his interest in her long golden hair.

At first he used to insist on her wearing her hair down her back while she corrected his proofs, but after he had told her she was soulless she kept it twisted up in a tight knot at the back.

It irritated her beyond expression to have him touching the ends of it while she was scribbling "8," and "l. c.," and "rom." on the margin of his long galleys.

His mother lived in Highgate, and he hardly ever went to see her, though he wrote beautiful poems on filial devotion; but he used to send his wife up to see his mother twice a week.

She hated the old lady, though she tried to be kind to her, and found the pilgrimages desolate enough until she happened to meet an old acquaintance—the artist who lived at Hampstead. After that she somehow didn't mind going to Highgate so much. She often met him.

One morning she came down to breakfast looking pale and rather determined; it was the day for her to go to Highgate.

"I shall go with you," he said. "I should like to present to my dear mother a copy of my new book."

"All right," she said, "then I needn't go."

"I shall not go without you," he said, obstinately. "My dear mother's last days shall not be saddened by any knowledge of our domestic disunion."

"Domestic fiddlesticks!" said she. "Your mother will be glad enough to get you to herself; you don't often go."

But he turned obstinate at that.

"If you can't oblige me in a little thing like that——"

"If I thought you really wanted me to go," she said; "but you know perfectly well you only want to show your mother that you've got a slave who will wait on you. The only reason she tolerates me at all is because my grandmother is a countess. I believe you only married me for that."

"No, my dear," he said, suavely, "I married you for your hair."

"And I married you for your poetry. What fools we were! What a pity," she went on with a harsh laugh, "that we both have so much more than we bargained for. If you could have my hair without me, or I could have your books without you!"

He passed his hand wearily over his forehead.

"This crude violence wearies me," he said; "you've just destroyed an idea I had for a beautiful little thing, to be called 'Wedded Faith.'"

"It will come back to you," she said; and she went out of the room and slammed the door.

He heard her walking up and down in her room overhead. Presently a fat brown-paper parcel came by Parcels Delivery; he opened it. Several inner wrappings of brown paper and of folded newspapers preserved the hidden gems—copies of his new book. He looked at them in an ecstasy.

"Goodness!" he said to himself; "it is I—I who have written those magnificent poems!" and he took a copy and ran upstairs with it. His wife's room was darkened.

"She has a headache, I suppose," he said to himself. He always resented her headaches very much. Presently he saw that she was lying on the sofa; her gold hair hung unbound over the back of the couch, and, its ends lay coiled on the floor. A pang went through his heart.

"I wish I hadn't quarreled with her this morning," he thought; "I should have liked to talk the book over with her."

"Here's something I don't suppose you'll care for," he said, disagreeably. And, when she didn't answer, he laid the book down among the coils of her hair, and still she did not move. When he came up to dress for dinner she was still lying there; but the book was gone.

"Her headache was not so bad that she couldn't read," he thought, with savage exultation.

Then he went round to the other side of the sofa and turned up the gas. He looked down at the sofa; she was not there—only meticulously arranged heap of rugs and pillows. Her face was gone.

She had cut her hair and fastened it with safety pins to the pillow, and to the pillow was pinned a slip of paper:—

"Now we each have all we want of the other!"

ODD.—Amongst the curious laws passed in olden times that still exist is one that was disclosed in the course of a fishery case before the French Courts. In that country, a by-law, still unrepealed, declared that "fishing to the sound of the trumpet, fife, or any brass instrument is strictly forbidden."

The French advocate, on inquiring, discovered that this law had grown out of a ludicrous mistake. At Marseilles, about a century ago, the natives were in the habit of fishing at night by the light of burning faggots, which they called "clerons" or "clarions."

Abuses arose from this practice, and a law was passed forbidding fishing "au clarion."

Years afterwards the laws on fishing were revised and the authorities, construing "au clairon" as meaning by the sound of the clarion, amplified the prohibition by making it include all other brass instruments.

There are curiosities of language in some telegraphic codes. For instance the announcement of the loss by fire of a ship at sea, with the crew saved, is by one code announced by three words, viz.: "Smouldered, hurrah! hallelujah!" which sounds an odd message to those who are not aware of their code meaning.

But interpreting the message by Scott's cable code, the word "smoulder" stands for "the ship has been destroyed by fire; "hurrah" for "crew saved by boats, and "hallelujah" for "all hands saved—inform wives and sweethearts."

IT WAS THE PARROT.—"Several years ago my wife had a parrot that was a wonder," said a well-known city man recently. "It not only had a large vocabulary of words, but it possessed the rare faculty of imitating the voices of different people about the house. Polly would mimic cats, dogs, street noises, and almost everything else. She strayed in our room a great deal, and spent part of her time admiring and talking to herself in the mirror.

"Well, one day a lady called on my wife, and whilst they were downstairs I was upstairs with the parrot. All at once the parrot began an angry tirade in what I must confess was a very good imitation of my voice. After a while he switched off to a female voice, but kept up the same kind of racket. It was very funny, and I suppose our enjoyment of it caused the bird to repeat the performance at frequent intervals.

"Sometime afterwards my wife came to me with tears in her eyes and declared that Polly must be killed forthwith.

"She had just heard all the cruel rumors about the terrible quarrels we were having daily. It was warm weather and all the windows were kept raised.

When Polly began to give a show the whole neighborhood was scandalised, supposing that my wife and I were quarreling.

"The neighbors got to inviting friends to hear the matinees. After that Polly was kept in a room with the windows closed."

MANY of our older readers will remember the firm of Deacon & Peterson, one time proprietors of THE POST. A nephew of the former, Charles R. Deacon, for several years press agent for the Reading Railroad Company, an old newspaper man and well known as the Secretary of the Clover Club, the great social club of this city, died at his home in Overbrook near this city, Saturday morning, May 9, and was buried Tuesday.

CHARLES R. DEACON.

Mr. Deacon was well known in this city and all over the country. He was born in Burlington county, N. J., in 1845, his parents being of English Quaker stock that emigrated to this country prior to the coming of William Penn. He received his education in the schools of that locality, in the Friends' School at Westtown, Pa., and in Downingtown Academy.

Coming to Philadelphia in his sixteenth year, he learned the printing trade in the office of the SATURDAY EVENING POST. At the end of his apprenticeship he spent a year in the oil regions, and afterwards secured a position in the office of the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

In the Centennial Year, he took an active interest in the Thursday Club of this city, composed largely of journalists. He became its secretary and continued in that capacity during the existence of the club. Shortly after the organization of the Clover Club, in 1883, which was formed on a much broader basis, but in many respects similar to the Thursday Club, Mr. Deacon was chosen its secretary, and filled that position until his death with great credit to himself and to the entire satisfaction of the club.

In 1890 President McLeod, of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company, created the position of press agent for his company and selected Mr. Deacon to fill it. He was reappointed by President Harris.

MANY a true heart, that would have come back, like the dove to the ark, after its first transgression, has been frightened beyond recall by the savage charity of an unforgiving spirit.

Humorous.

EVEN THERE.

Ah, humble enough is the dairy lunch,
But Fancy may hover there,
As moonlide hastily bids you munch
Through the limited bill of fare.

For the milk is as blue as her bright blue eye;
Like her lips are the berries red
And the glint of the sun on the custard pie
Is the glint of her golden head.

A wonderful fat producer—Toothache.

A moving scene—A flitting of furniture.

Makes a good front — The house painter.

A moral instrument—An upright pianoforte.

A fellow feeling—A doctor counting a young lady's pulse.

Old bride: Do you love me, darling? Young husband: I venerate you.

What throat is best for a singer to reach high notes with?—A sore throat.

All things come to those who wait until they get rich before they do their waiting.

It is a singular fact that all the men employed in a barber's shop are head workmen.

Wanted—A little polish, warranted not to rub off, with which to make a few young men shine.

Sillicus: I always say what I think. Cynicus: Is that all? I have often marveled at your limited vocabulary.

The man who hadn't a leg to stand on sat down very quietly, and let his friends carry him through his difficulties.

An Irishman wrote home to his friends over the briny "that in this blessed land everybody is so honest that a reward has to be offered for thieves."

Geezer: Why don't you plug that fellow who says you are a coward and a yellow dog? Noted pugilist: Sir, that wouldn't be professional!

A: Before Miss Thinleigh's father made his fortune she used to be long and lanky.

B: Well, has she changed?

A: Oh, yes! Now she is divinely tall.

Harry: Belle is a sort of middle-aged girl.

Jack: What do you mean?

Harry: Why, half way between what she noknowledges and what you privately set her down to be!

"Which," asked the earnest youth, "which is the more pleasurable—realization or anticipation?"

"It depends," said the elderly sage, "on whether you allude to getting a tooth pulled or getting married."

An Indiana man claims to have succeeded in playing "a thorough confidence" trick upon the potato bug. He planted a grain of corn in each potato hill, and, as the corn came up first, the bugs thought it was a corn-field, and sought other scenes.

An advertisement in a recent morning paper announced that the advertiser "wanted a servant who knows how to wash, cook and take care of children." We wonder what is to be done with the children after they have been washed and cooked!

He, making a long call: What a very odd-looking clock, Miss Smith! Is it an heirloom?

She, suppressing a yawn: Oh, no! It is a recent purchase of papa's. He has a penchant for such things. I was about to call your attention to it.

Tommy, aged 6: I don't think I want to go to heaven.

Mamma: Why, Tommy; I'm surprised at you.

Tommy: Well, I don't. Just think of the lots of cryin' babies there is there, waitin' to be sent down here.

Daughter, in tears: You kicked John last night as he was going out of the front gate.

Heartless father: I know I did.

Daughter: You ought to be ashamed of yourself. John feels very badly about it, and thinks you ought to make suitable amends.

Heartless father: Does he? Well, you tell him to come round again to-night, and I'll give that kick back to him again.

A small boy, who lives in Leeds, was one day calling on a school friend, and fell into conversation with his friend's mother. He finally remarked that it was getting very hard to tell, from the places in which people live, whether or not they are entitled to social consideration.

"Now, there is Blank street," he said, "you wouldn't think anybody was much that lived on Blank street, would you? But there is Mr. Tomson, he lives there."

"And is Mr. Tomson much?"

"Mr. Tomson!"—with an air of one overwhelmed by astonishment that such an obvious fact should escape anybody. "I should think he was! He's an awful swell. Why, he won't speak to my father."

BEAUTY MAY BE ACQUIRED.—To say that beauty is not born but made, in inversion of the familiar axiom regarding poets, may savor somewhat of quack advertisements, but if we may trust the words of a woman who certainly is in possession of good looks far above the average, there are substantial grounds for saying it. Said the lady referred to recently, the writer having had the temerity to question her on the subject—

"You ask me if there are any artificial means known to me of the increasing the beauty of the face.

"To this I answer, no. I know of none. But there is a perfectly natural method. This I will tell you presently, when I have made a few other remarks.

"How often do we see faces, in which, notwithstanding that the features individually are well formed, and may be even perfect, the ensemble furnishes no trace of beauty. Such a face seems to want a vague something in order to make it please the eye.

"On the other hand, we often meet women with absolutely commonplace features that will not bear analysis, who yet strike one as being unaccountably good-looking. It is all a matter of expression, and here comes in my simple little secret.

"We spend a third of our time in bed on the average, and during sleep-time our features are in repose. According to the expression the face wears in sleep, so is the face moulded. To those, then, who would be good-looking I say, go to sleep with a pleasant expression.

"Every time you pass into oblivion feeling ill-tempered you help to fix, in indelible lines upon your face, an expression of sourness there. Remember this, and to-day, when failing to sleep, try to be happy, and rest with an expression of sweetness and good will upon your tell-tale face."

MARRIAGE WILL OUT.—As they walked towards the hotel from the train they were conscious of being pursued by a cavalcade of domestic fowls—geese, ducks and chickens were madly tumbling over each other at their heels.

"Confound you!" exclaimed the man, as he turned suddenly and kicked the most precocious gander of the pack under the jaw.

"Poor thing," mused the woman tenderly, and they passed on silently.

Then they saw groups of guests standing about the ground, smiling and talking in each others' ears.

"How they stare at us," said the man; and they increased their pace.

The cortege of fowls came on apace behind.

"Oo—oo, he's got his bill in the heel of my shoe," shrieked the woman, as they reached the porch.

The man wheeled and kicked the gander under the wing.

As the bird, in his agony, cried out, a teaspoonful of rice fell from his bill.

The guests tittered outright, the fowls romped over the grain, and the man and woman hurriedly entered the house.

ALL THE WORLD OVER.—"The false teeth of the whole world are manufactured in England and America, and the export supply sent out by both countries is prodigious, three great firms boasting that in one year they have turned out twenty millions of artificial teeth," said one of the chief manufacturers in the same line in England.

"Few people know what a very extensive and far-reaching business this is, but to my knowledge there are several hundreds of more or less valuable patents dealing with various processes in the making of the teeth.

"One little known fact connected with the trade is that each foreign country requires a distinct class of teeth.

"For instance, I send thousands of teeth every year to China and to the Malay Peninsula, varying from jet black to deep brown, the former being in the greatest request.

"Throughout the whole of South America, white teeth would not be accepted as a gift, and we make a special kind of yellow ones for that market. The tints vary in the most extraordinary way, certain parts of Spain buying teeth with a pink cast.

"In the same way there is a most marked diversity between one country and another in the way of size.

"Although colored people are, as a class, credited by the world with having fine sets of teeth, these are nearly always destroyed, so far as the majority of races go, by middle age, the various things the people habitually chew having this effect, no doubt; and almost the first thing a prosperous West Indian middle-aged darkey buys for his adornment is a set of artificial teeth, very large, and absolutely white.

"I send about two millions of teeth to the East Indies every year, but the most extraordinary ones that I manufacture go to Zanzibar and the Gold Coast. They are pointed—triangular, in fact—and manufactured in both black and white sets."

RIPANS TABULES REGULATE THE STOMACH LIVER AND BOWELS AND PURIFY THE BLOOD.

RIPANS TABULES are the best Medicine known for Indigestion, Biliousness, Headache, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Chronic Liver Troubles, Dizziness, Offensive Breath, and all disorders of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

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Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

TOUPEES AND SCALPS. INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead back as far as laid.
No. 3. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 4. Over the crown of the head.

FOR WIGS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck, No. 2.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REJUVENATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER.
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 28, '88. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA.

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, or Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

TO MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut St., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and do not know of any which equals it as a dressing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS.
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

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It is easy to find the word wanted.
It is easy to ascertain the pronunciation.
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The Chicago Times-Herald says:—Webster's International Dictionary in its present form is absolute authority on everything pertaining to our language in the way of orthography, orthoepy, etymology, and definition. From it there is no appeal. It is as perfect as human effort and scholarship can make it.—Dec. 14, 1890.

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Reading Railroad.

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Buffalo Day Express, Parlor and Dining Car, Buffalo and Chicago Exp., Sleeping Cars, } daily 9.00 a m; daily 3.30 p m; 9.45 p m

Williamsport Express, week-days, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 4.10 p m. Daily (Sleeper) 11.30 p m.

Lock Haven, Clearfield and Bellefonte Express (Sleeper) daily, except Saturday, 11.30 p m.

FOR NEW YORK.

Leave Reading Terminal, 4.18, 7.30, (two-hour train), 8.20, 9.35, 10.35, 10.40 a m, 12.05, (dining car), 1.30, 3.05, 4.00, 5.05, 6.10, 7.50, 9.10 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night. Sundays—4.18, 8.30, 9.30, 11.50 (dining car) a m, 1.30, 3.55, 5.10, 6.10 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night.

Leave 24th and Chestnut Sts., 3.55, 7.50, 10.00, 11.04 a m, 12.37 (Dining car), 3.05, 6.02, 8.10 (dining car), 11.45 p m. Sunday 3.55, a m, 12.04, (dining car), 4.05, 6.02, 8.10, (dining car), 11.45 p m.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.30, 8.05, 8.35 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 2.00, 3.30, 4.00 (two-hour train), 4.30 (two-hour train), 5.00, 6.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.00 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays—4.30 9.00, 10.00, 11.30, a m, 2.00, 4.00, 5.00, 8.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 6.05, 8.00, 9.00 a m, 1.00, 2.00, 4.30, 5.30, 6.35, 9.45 p m. Sundays—8.27, 9.35, 9.00 a m, 1.15, 4.20, 8.38, 9.45 p m. (9.45 p m, does not connect for Easton on Sunday.)

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS.

For Phœnixville and Pottstown—Express, 6.35, 10.05 a m, 12.05, 4.05, 6.05, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40, 11.05 a m, 1.42, 4.35, 8.25, 7.20 p m. Sundays—Express, 4.05, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30 a m, 5.30 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 4.05, 6.05 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 1.42, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.05, 7.30 a m.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 4.05, 6.05, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40 a m, 1.42 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.05, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 5.05 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 4.05 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.05 p m. Additional for Shamokin—Express, week-days, 5.05 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m. Sundays—Express, 4.05 a m.

For Danville and Bloomsburg, 10.05 a m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves. Week-days—Express, 9.00, a m, 2.00, (Saturdays only 5.00), 4.00, 5.00, p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30, 5.30 p m. Sundays—Express, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accommodation, 5.00 a m, 4.45 p m.

Leave Atlantic City depot—Week-days—Express, 7.35, 9.00 a m, 3.30, 5.30 p m. Accommodation, 6.30, 8.15 a m, 4.15 p m. Sundays—Express, 4.00, 5.30, 5.00 p m. Accommodation, 7.15 a m, 5.15 p m.

Parlor Cars on all express trains.

Brigantine, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Lakewood, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.15 p m.

FOR CAPE MAY.

Week-days, 9.15 a m, 4.15 p m. Sundays, 9.15 a m.

Leave Cape May, week-days, 7.35 a m, 3.00 p m. Sundays, 3.30 p m.

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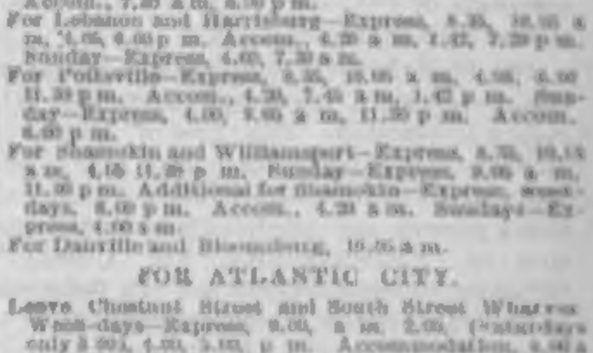

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